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BOATING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Underneath the silver shadows
Of the willows bending over;
Past the green and glowing meadows
Fragrant with the breath of clover;
Oh! how pleasant; we together,
In the golden summer weather,
Through the sedge and rushes drifting,
In among the lillies floating:
Memory the curtain lifting
From the days when we went boating.

Pansies on the near banks shining,
Purple pansies softly sleeping,
Every cloud a silver lining,
Sunshine all the glad world steeping,
Oh! how pleasant; we together,
In the golden summer weather,
Through the rushes softly gliding,
While across them crept a shiver,
In our painted shallop riding
O'er the surface of the river.

Fairer than the lillies, floating,
Was the bright, the blue eyed maiden
Who along with me went boating;
Sweet her lips with honey laden,
Love's own honey, when together
In the soft sunshiny weather,
Gliding gently through the rushes,
While across them crept a shiver;
Bright her glances; sweet her blushes
As we drifted down the river.

Never yet was snow drift whiter
Than her maiden bosom gleaming;
Never sounded laughter lighter
Than her own, like fairy's seeming;
Oh! how pleasant, when together
In the golden summer weather,
From whose past the veil is lifted,
Through the rushes all a shiver,
On the silvery tide we drifted
O'er the surface of the river.

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL.—PAST BRILLIANCY AND PRESENT DARKNESS.

In a mean and very poorly and scantily furnished room, a young girl was seated. The small, rickety deal table on which her elbow rested was without any sort of covering, and through the fingers placed before her eyes the tears that she was shedding trickled rapidly. The dress that she was wearing was of the commonest material, and old and faded. But notwithstanding, there was about her a neatness and a trimness not often found with those reduced to the extreme poverty into which this unhappy girl had fallen. Her once round, rose tinted cheeks now were white and hollow; she could no longer be admired for her excessive beauty, but the expression of her features still was sweet and charming; while her now attenuated figure yet retained much of its grace and symmetry. Long sat she as we have described, while evening approached and the room grew almost dark. At length she raised her head and started to her feet.

"That is his step," she said, and hastily dried her eyes, and smoothed her hair.

The next instant, the door of the room opened, and

"Are you there, Eliza?" said a voice that even yet was as sweetest music to the young girl's ear.

"Yes, yes, Walter, here I am," she answered.

"Ah," said Walter Brandon, "I see you now; but after leaving the well lighted street—ah," he sighed, "I have no occasion, I suppose, to ask you why you have been sitting here in the dark."

"Not, Walter, because we have no candle, for we have still——"

"Light it then, quickly," Walter cried; not that we want it to see our misery—oh! if darkness would but hide it from us, I would stop up every crevice that not a gleam of light might filter through."

There was no fire in the grate, and Eliza, striking a match, lighted a thin tallow candle, about half of which had been already consumed. As she placed the candle on the table, its light, too feeble perfectly to illuminate even that small room, fell full upon her face, and Walter impatiently exclaimed—

"You have been crying again, Eliza!"

"Can you wonder?" she mournfully responded.

"My poor girl, you have indeed good cause to weep, and to curse the hour when first you saw me."

"Happen what may, dear Walter, I shall never do that. The direst poverty I could have borne with fortitude and courage, and if tears had been wrung from me, not by my own sufferings would they have been extorted; only for you should I have seen cause to weep had you but kept the promise which——"

"'Tis worse than useless now, Eliza, to talk of that," Walter hastily interrupted. "If better times should come, how gladly would I repair the wrong that I have done you."

"You will always love me then, you promise me that?"

"Oh, I swear it to you. They say that when poverty comes, love vanishes—but it has not been so with us."

"Not with me, Walter, at all events, for far dearer are you to me now than when, flushed with riches, you ceased to be yourself and passed your days in riotous prodigality."

"Oh, I have been indeed a madman, and what avails my now bitter repentance? What, though I should groan and tear my hair, would that bring us food? Will my remorse appease those pangs of hunger, which even now I know are torturing you, poor girl?"

"But we must not despair," said Eliza; "I have been promised some work, and if we could but contrive to get through another day or two——"

"But how, how contrive that? We have nothing left on which to raise even a single penny. Everything gone; except the wretched apology for garments we are wearing now."

"And have you no hope of obtaining any kind of employment?"

"Not the merest shadow of a hope," despairingly cried Walter. "Those whom I have asked to employ me demand to know what my former life has been, and then I blush with shame——"

"And no hope of help from any of those who revelled with you in your prosperity?"

"They avoid me now as though I were a pestilence."

"Heartless wretches!"

"I am, though, guilty of injustice," Walter said with savage mockery; "one of the many friends that I possessed in the days of my prosperity deigns yet to remember and to acknowledge me. Certainly he it was who most of all profited by my prodigality, who most of all fleeced and plundered me."

"Surely you do not mean——"

"I mean that rascal, Millington," said Walter.

"Oh, avoid that man, avoid him, Walter."

"He has taken good care to avoid me, until to-day, when, to my great surprise, he accosted me in the street, addressing me in a very friendly manner, declaring that he had something very particular to say to me, and that he would this evening call upon me."

"Here! Is he coming here? Do not see him, Walter; have nothing more to do with that wicked man."

"Well, you know, Eliza, I have nothing more to lose, and I may perhaps prevail on him to restore to me a few shillings of the many pounds of which he has defrauded me."

"Better to starve outright," Eliza cried; "better to die than to accept succor from that man."

"I am not quite of that opinion, and if he would furnish us with a good supper he would be the best friend, Eliza, that we have met for many a day."

"I would accept neither food nor money tendered by his hand, and, indeed, should he come here this evening he will have no interruption from me in whatever he may wish to say to you, for he shall not find me here."

"Where will you go, then?"

"Down into the kitchen, and sit with our landlady. I would go anywhere rather than again encounter that man—he is my horror!"

"And here he is, I expect," said Walter, as both heard heavy footsteps on the stairs.

Eliza hastily blew out the candle, and had hardly done so when the door of the room was thrown open, without the ceremony of knocking usual on such like occasions.

"What, the devil! all in darkness," cried Millington, "I can see the red snuff of the candle, though. Anybody here?"

"Yes," returned Walter, "I am hunting for a match."

"Ah, I suppose it is by fault, and that when I threw open the door out went the little farthing rushlight."

"Yes, that was it exactly," said Walter, who felt under no necessity to tell the truth of the matter.

And he was not at all under that Eliza's repugnance to encounter Millington was so very great, because it was natural that she should hate and hold in horror a man by whom Walter had been so cruelly used. But Eliza had a stronger reason even than that for her loathing and abhorrence of Millington, for on two be-

and proposals that she should consent to be his companion; and Millington had threatened her that if she dared to say a word concerning that to Walter Brandon, it might cost the young man his life. Eliza had but too good reason to believe that no idle threat, and so her tongue had been sealed.

CHAPTER V.

A TEMPTATION NOT TO BE RESISTED—MONEY!

The candle again lighted, Millington glanced hastily around the room, and looked somewhat disappointed when he had assured himself that he and Walter Brandon were just then its only occupants. Observing the looks that his visitor cast around him:—

"Ah," said Walter, "I understand; you are admiring the splendor of the apartment in which I now receive you. It is, however, something less sumptuous than the chambers in which you first did me the honor to pay me a visit, and where, on one particular evening—of course fairly—you won from me——"

"My dear fellow," hastily interrupted Millington, "it is scarcely worth while to speak of what is past and gone; let us rather talk of the present."

"Yes," bitterly cried Walter, "by all means let us talk of that, it is for me so very delightful."

"Well, then, the future—who knows what that may have in store for you?"

"I know," gloomily said Walter.

"Not yet; but you will do presently," returned Millington.

"What mean you?"

"Where is the charming Eliza?"

"Why ask that? And what has she to do with——"

"Where is she, I ask you?"

"She is not in the house—she——"

"Well," cried Millington, "I am sorry for it, for it would perhaps have expedited matters if she had been present to hear what I am about to say to you."

"What then is the purpose of your present visit?"

"Brandon, my dear boy," said Millington, patting the young man familiarly on the shoulder, "would you not rejoice to see yourself once again surrounded by all those luxuries which departed from you almost before you had had time to understand their full flavor?"

"If you have come hither to taunt me with my folly, to mock at me in the strait to which it has reduced me, beware! I would not submit to that from any one, and least of all from you, who have been the chief agent of my undoing."

"My good fellow," impudently returned Millington, "certainly I had some of your money; it was flying about in every quarter, and I was not too proud to stoop and gather up a little of it. In short, you were a pigeon that would insist on being plucked, and so I thought I might as well have a few of your feathers."

"And now," cried Walter, "would refuse me a shilling to save me from starvation. "Well, I have deserved to suffer, and were it only for myself——"

"My good fellow," said Millington, "you have but to say the word, and you may be twenty times richer than ever, for I have come to offer you——"

"I see; you have some infamous work on hand; would propose to me a forgery, or——"

"Upon my word that notion flatters me extremely," laughed Millington. "But you are altogether wrong. It is a marriage I have to propose to you."

"A marriage!" amazedly repeated Walter.

"Yes, a marriage; and with a lady who will bring you a large fortune. And no old and mildew hag, but a young and blooming maiden, whose charms might tempt an anchorite."

"I have already," cried Walter, "warned you that I am little inclined to bear your jests."

"May my right hand wither if I be not serious," said Millington, and so earnestly that Walter no longer doubted.

"What is this mystery?" demanded the young man.

"In good time everything will be explained to you, and you will have every reason to be well satisfied. Only say now that you consent, and——"

"No, no, impossible!"

"Impossible? Nonsense! Would you refuse a charming bride, and——"

"I must, I must."

"Well, if you can afford to turn your back on ten thousand pounds——"

Walter started, and that movement escaped not the arch tempter.

"Yes, ten thousand pounds—with at least as many more in prospect," proceeded Millington. "You have already known what 'tis to dwell in a fine house, to tread on velvet carpets, and now as you see yourself in this foul room, and hear your steps resound upon the bare boards——"

"Not another word," Walter interrupted, trembling with agitation. "I refuse. I am not free to——"

"Not free?"

"You know it well."

"I know that there is a certain young woman, whom I have heard you call Eliza."

"Well, then?"

"Well, what then? She is not your wife, I think?" Walter was silent.

"And would it not be better, even for her sake, that you should separate?"

"She would not think so," sadly replied Walter.

"Then you must prove it to her. But she would think so, and would soon, or she is like no other woman, find means to console herself for the loss."

"How console herself?" sharply questioned Brandon.

"In the usual way of her sex, my good friend; one lover gone——"

"No, no, she would not do that."

"Well, then, ask yourself if you would not be guilty of cruelty towards her in binding her with indissoluble fetters to that misery from which you would find it impossible to extricate yourself. You have reduced yourself to beggary, but is that a reason wherefore she too should starve?"

"Oh, no more, no more!" distractedly cried Walter.

"Throw aside your vanity, and believe that she would be far happier without you."

"Happier!"

"Yes, for she would be snatched from sordid, hopeless poverty, since you would be in a condition then well to provide for her."

"Millington saw that Brandon was wavering, and thus encouraged, pursued:—

"Besides, if she loves you as you believe, she would not selfishly desire to stand in the way of your happiness——"

"My happiness," sighed Walter.

"Well, your fortune, that is the same thing, for without money there can be no happiness. See," he continued, drawing bank-notes from his pocket-book, "here are two five pound notes; give them to her this evening when you bid her farewell, and promise her as many more as you please; you will be in a condition to keep your word."

Walter looked at the notes, but attempted not to take them.

"Can you still hesitate?" cried Millington. "You have tasted the enjoyment of wealth, have been clothed in fine apparel, and can you now reconcile yourself to rags and misery?"

"No, no," exclaimed Brandon, and snatched the notes from Millington's hand.

At that moment a groan, which Walter heard not, faintly reached Millington's acute ear. He spoke no word, however, concerning it. Sitting at the table, and drawing the unsnuffed candle closer to him, he wrote with his pencil a few words on a scrap of paper, which he gave to Walter, saying—

"I have no more money about me; but two hours hence be on the spot I have there indicated, and whatever sum you shall choose to ask will be at your immediate disposal. For the present, good night."

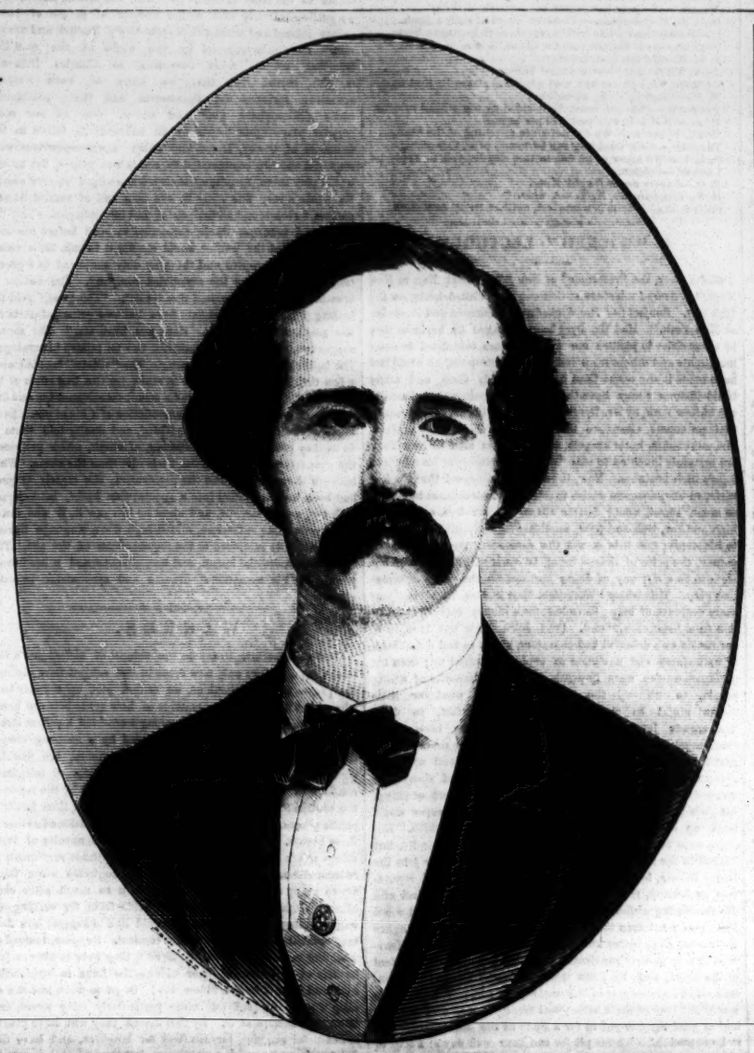
He hurried from the room without allowing Walter time for another word, and, in the dark found his way down stairs and out into the street as best he could. And as briskly he walked along, in a well satisfied frame of mind, he said to himself—

"That groan I heard came from Miss Eliza's delicate throat; well, if she knows the task I have left Walter Brandon to perform, it will be all the easier for him. I was quite certain the girl had not gone out, as he said. It shall be my business to console her for the loss of her darling Walter; it is only my duty, for I am the cause of her bereavement, and she is so perfectly charming that the fulfilment of my self-imposed duty will afford me unbounded satisfaction. The young fellow held out longer than I had expected, but I was never in doubt as to the issue. Lucky that he had been too busy wasting his money to marry that girl, or I should have had a longer game to play, for it would have been necessary to persuade him to an act of bigamy. And I should have been able to bring him even to that," chuckled the villain, "for the man that has once tasted wealth is like a young lion that has once tasted blood, at any cost he will have more."

CHAPTER VI.

A SAD FAREWELL.—THE RESTING PLACE OF THE VULTURES.—ALL DARK.

Hardly was Millington gone when a door nearly opposite to that by which he had departed was slowly opened and Eliza appeared. She reeled, and clung to the door-post to steady and save herself from falling. And Walter appeared as greatly overpowered almost as she was, and his eyes sank before the look of agony and



CHARLEY SHAY, Manager Quinouploxal Troupe.

reproach she fixed upon him. For nearly a minute they stood thus confronting each other, and neither of them able to speak—Walter could not summon courage to commence, and overwhelming emotion had for the time deprived Eliza of all power of utterance. At length the poor girl tottered forward into the room, and with difficulty, her voice made hoarse by her terrible excitement, said:—

"You see, Walter, I had reason for my foreboding, and had indeed but too great cause to dread that man."

"You were there—and you have heard," faltered Walter.

Eliza moaned and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"Well then, since you know——"

"I know, Walter, that you have promised that man to forsake me, to leave me an outcast on the world, while you, forgetting all your sworn vows to me, wed with another. And what other? That you know not yet. Oh! Walter, for your own sake reflect, go no farther; can you expect aught good or honorable from that wretch, at whose hands you have so greatly suffered? Can you doubt that he would make of you his accomplice in some infamous piece of work?"

"That he shall not do; for if, when I shall have been told all——"

"Should you see that man again you will have gone too far to recall will have destroyed yourself and me. But you will not abandon me, Walter, say that you will not? Think of the wrong you have already done me, and for which I have never troubled you with one word of reproach. Remember, before you speak, that my very life depends on how you will decide, and that if you resolve to fulfill the promise just given to that man you sentence me to death."

Walter drew her to his breast and tears of agony burst from his eyes.

"Heaven is my witness, poor girl," he said, "that with my whole heart and soul I love you, that no woman on earth will ever have power to efface your image from my mind, or for a single moment cause me to forget you. In quitting you, Eliza, I forsake the only woman I can ever love; I bid adieu perhaps to every hope of happiness in all my life to come——"

"And yet you can resolve to fly from me?"

"I must, I must! I could no longer endure the poverty and degradation that I have lately suffered—"

"Have I not shared your fate, and am I not still prepared to share with you——"

"I will not doom you, Eliza, to further misery—of that kind, at all events; I could not myself longer sustain it. Such sordid poverty as we have known, brutalizes—it makes the man and woman who have been all in all to each other snarl and growl together like savage animals, and then come blows, perhaps murder, between them. There have been times of late when, in my despair, I have felt like a demon. Oh, believe me, it is better for us both to part ere we have come to hate each other. Better that we should live apart with money in our pockets than dwelling together, looking always into our empty cupboard."

"You are then determined, Walter, and nothing further that I could say would have power to move you?"

"Nothing—and hereafter you will thank me that I have thus resolved. If sundered—we are miserable, but it will be a golden sorrow; money gilds all things, can lighten even grief."

"Well, Walter," the poor girl said, in a faint voice, "I will say no more; you are the object dearest to me on earth, and, since your command is, I can resign myself to die."

"Oh, talk not thus, Eliza!"

"Why not? since you, who have been my life, are taken from me."

"Oh, I can no longer bear this," cried Walter, weeping and wrestling with his agony.

"Here, take these, and let us say good bye."

He held towards her the two bank notes which had been given to him by Millington. Eliza gently put them from her, murmuring:—

"I do not want them—they can be of no service to me."

"You will not think so when this parting is fairly over and I am gone—remember, you have not tasted food for many hours—take them, then, and believe me that while I live——"

He thrust the notes into her hand and closed her fingers upon them; but the next moment her hold relaxed, and the notes fluttered to the floor. Walter then threw his arms around her and kissed her again and again. She made no attempt to return his embrace, her arms hung listless by her side, and her face was white and cold as marble. The last farewell he would have uttered was stifled by his sobbings. Walter tore himself from the wretched girl, and rushed from the house. Eliza stood where he had left her, fixed and motionless for a long while after he was gone. At last, seeming to awake to consciousness—

"Gone! he is gone from me for ever," inarticulately, and almost inaudibly, she muttered. "He forsakes me to call another wife—well, what does it matter to me? I shall not be here to see or know that."

She took from a nail her bonnet and shawl, put them on with trembling hands, and then slowly, clinging to every object she touched on her way, tottered from the house. A chill, leaden despair had taken possession of the poor girl; numbed and stupified by her great griefs she was enduring, besides the pangs of hunger; no wonder then that she made but slow progress through the streets, and that occasionally she stopped altogether, clinging for a moment or two to a lamp-post, or leaning against a wall. She had proceeded some distance when, again halting and resting, "'Tis well," she thought, "that I have not much farther to go, for scarce an atom of strength now is left to me."

"Hullo! my girl," cried a policeman, approaching her, "what are you doing here?"

"I am going forward now," she answered, endeavoring to steady herself; "I am not very well, and so, I——"

The policeman looked into her face, and then said:—

"You do look ill, indeed. Which way are you going?"

"To—to—towards Blackfriar's Bridge."

"Does your home lie that way?"

"Yes," she replied, in a strange tone, and walked on.

The policeman stood and looked after, saying to himself;—

"There is something uncommonly strange about that girl. I shall follow her a bit, and see what she is up to."

But he was to be otherwise employed, for just then a boy came running up to him, saying that they had got a thief who had been trying to rob his master's shop, and that the policeman was wanted to take the fellow into custody. Beneath the first arch of Blackfriar's Bridge were assembled about a dozen men of all ages; men who belonged to that half of the world whose means of existence are a mystery to the other half. They were indeed of that immense number who rise every morning without knowing how they are to provide themselves with the means of subsistence through the day to which they have awakened. Poor, tattered, homeless wretches! A couple of boats were moored close alongside, and a couple of men were busy bailing the water out of them, intending to take up their quarters and sleep in them through the night.

"Hullo! my respected friend Poplar," said a young man, descending the stone steps, "if I may be so bold, what may you happen to be arter?"

The individual who had been nicknamed Poplar was an extremely tall, gaunt old man, who, having first taken possession of that arch, termed himself proprietor of the hotel, and allowed no one to sleep there unless they dropped a copper or two into his palm. There were a few sacks lying about, partly filled with old straw, and these Mr. Poplar was shaking and placing in a row. Looking up and seeing who it was that had just accosted him:—

"My eye! Mr. Nickem, is it you? Why, you haven't been here afore for a good while."

"No," replied Nat, "but I have had an unlucky day of it, and I can't afford to go to an expensive hotel."

"My establishment is both comfortable and economical," said Poplar." "If any gentleman that comes here feels inclined to wash himself, there's a good basin of water there, which I has always ready for him."

"And nobody ever comes to bother you about the water rate, old fellow," grinned Nickem.

"And here I am, you see, putting the bed chamber in order, and making the beds in a proper and artistic manner."

"Some on 'em would be the better for a little more straw," said one of the guests.

"If you don't like the accommodation here, young man," Poplar sharply retorted, "you are at perfect liberty to patronize some other establishment."

"That shuts you up, my friend," said Nat. "Here, old Poplar, here's the money for my downy couch."

"All right, Mr. Nickem; I likes people as pays without any bother," said Poplar, as he thrust the penny Nat had given him into his pocket.

"Don't give me a bed with too many feathers in it," cried Nickem.

"Don't you be afraid about that. But what's your objection to——"

"Well, I don't wish to accustom myself to sleeping too soft; we never know but what we may come down in the world and have to rough it."

"You are not like me then; I like to sleep soft and easy."

"Well, Poplar, considering you are all bones, perhaps it's advisable."

"No reflections on my personal appearances, if you please, Mr. Nickem," tartly cried the proprietor of the hotel.

"Oh lawks," thought Nat, looking Poplar well over, "the idea of calling that a personal appearance!"

"I don't know a more comfortable place to sleep in anywhere than this is," said one of the lodgers, who looked at first sight, as he lay on the ground, like nothing but a heap of rags thrown together.

"Yes, it is snug," said another lodger, "the rippling of the water lulls you so nicely."

"There's only one thing that don't please me about this hotel," cried Nat Nickem.

"And what may that be?" demanded the proprietor, bristling up again.

"Why that there ain't no curtains to any of the beds—there's so many draughts about the place—they don't shut up very close under the bridge."

"Rather slack to-night," presently muttered Poplar, as he looked round, taking stock of his lodgers; "but I suppose we shall have a few more presently."

"Here's one more at any rate," said Nickem, pointing to a man descending the stone steps.

"I don't know," whispered Poplar; "is he all right, I wonder."

"Don't be afraid, old man, the gentleman is a friend of mine."

"That's quite a different thing. I must always know who I receive in my establishment, so tell me, if you please, what's the gentleman's name, and what's his profession?"

"The gentleman's name," responded Nat, "is Mulloney, and by profession he's a bricklayer's laborer, only he's out of work at present."

"By the powers, you are rayther dark down here," said Mr. Mulloney.

"Yes," returned Nickem, "they haven't lighted the chandeliers yet for fear of setting the place on fire. You can see there's a good deal of valuable property about, and the proprietor isn't insured."

"Oh, dear," said the bricklayer's laborer, and sighed like a pavior.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Mulloney," asked Poplar.

"I have been cruelly robbed this blessed day," said Mulloney.

"You don't mean it?"

"Be jabers, I do. A fine dressed lady and gentleman sent me to bring 'em a cab, and when I'd brought it off they went in it, and divil so much as a brass farden did they give me."

"Ah," grunted Poplar, "it's a wicked world."

"Sure you're right there, for my landlord has turned me out of my lodging, and bad luck to me if I owed him more than nine weeks' rint."

All cried shame on that hard-hearted landlord.

"So, you see, Mr. Nickem, as you have been good enough to offer me hospitality, and towld me where I might find you, here I am, you see; and if you'll take me with you to your lodging——"

"Here it is, Mulloney, my boy," cried Nickem.

"And here's a bed ready made for you," said Poplar.

"Hallo! old Tom, how are you, my boy?" cried Nickem, as old Boozey came creeping down the steps; "you have had a good day of it, I know."

"Yes, yes," stupidly said old Tom; "been sent about by gentlemen, and got altogether three shillings."

"Then you are a man of property, and I must introduce you to my banker."

"Pooh," said Poplar, "I'll bet a wager that it has all gone down his throat."

"No, not all," responded old Tom, "I have got some left yet."

"Yours is a fine gin and fog voice, old Boozey," laughed Nickem.

"Hold your tongue!" cried Poplar, "I won't have my customers insulted. Well, tell us, Mr. Boozey, how much money have you got left?"

"I don't know," replied the old drunkard, drawing a parcel of coppers from his pocket, "I haven't counted."

"Give us hold," said Poplar, taking the money from Boozey, and, having counted—

"Eleven pence halfpenny!" he cried. "That's all out of three shillings, eh? You are such a stupid old image that I am sure you have lost some as you came along, and you might be losing some more, so I'll take care of these for you."

"Yes," mumbled old Tom, "do—thank ye."

"No, no, I won't have that," cried Nat Nickem, grasping Poplar's wrist just as he was about to cram the coppers into his pocket.

"What do you mean, Mr. Nickem?" indignantly demanded the respectable proprietor.

"Nothing," Mr. Poplar, only I know you, old boy. You would take such good care of that eleven-pence half-penny that Old Tom would never see a copper of it any more."

He took the money from Poplar's hand and gave it back to Old Boozey.

"There; and now go to roost, old cock; you have got your skinful, I can see that, and must want to be in bed. Good night, old man."

"Good night, good night!"

"Go and sleep in one of the boats, you will be more out of the way there, and the motion of the water will rock you off—to dream of the drops of elderly Thomas you will be able to buy with that eleven-pence half-penny."

Old Boozey staggered away; stepped into and laid himself down in one of the boats.

"What makes you take such an interest in that drunken old pig, I should like to know?" Poplar said, quite savagely to Nickem, who responded:—

"It's a whim of mine, that's all—I wish that he should be treated with proper respect—that he should have the best sleeping berth—and above all, that nobody should ever say a word to him about Mary Pritchard."

"Eh! What's that?" cried Old Tom, quickly, and putting his head out over the side of the boat.

"Nothing, nothing," hastily answered Nat, "go to sleep, Old Tom, and dream about your namesake."

The gentlemen occupants of Mr. Poplar's hotel had retired to their luxurious couches, and some of them had already dropped off to sleep, when a loud scream from the summit of the bridge aroused them to behold a woman leap therefrom, and drop swiftly down into the river.

"She's lost, poor creature," said Nat Nickem, "nobody can save her!"

"I'll have a try for it though," Old Tom muttered to himself, as he unfastened his boat, and, unnoticed by any one, pushed her off into the deep water.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A MADMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

After receiving my diploma of Doctor of Medicine from one of our colleges, I accepted an offer as assistant, made to me by the proprietor of a well known private asylum for the insane. The gentleman alluded to was one held in much respect by the faculty for his skill generally, and for his unquestionable attainments in that specialty to which, of late years, he had given his undivided attention.

The institution, for a private asylum, was a moderately large one, and was situated about two miles from a flourishing town, in the midst of a fruitful and picturesque country. This particular branch of the profession possessed for me, as it did for my superior, a strong attraction, so that it was with no consciousness of any sacrifice on my part that I accepted his offer to become one of his assistants. There were six of us altogether, that is, including our principal; and at the time of my entering the institution about fifty patients. Our regulations excluded from admission such applicants as were in the advanced stages of insanity, admitting only those cases of a milder form of the disease; although it not unfrequently happened, in spite of the undeniably excellent treatment they received, that patients became worse during their stay; and those who, at the time they were admitted, evinced only symptoms of slight aberration, before very long, developed them stronger and more decidedly.

This, it has always been my opinion, is one of the characteristics of the malady. A person afflicted with any mental derangement is liable, at almost any moment, to a suddenly aggravated condition of the disease. You may say it is so with all complaints, no matter of what nature. Granted, but that only proves it to be the case with the one in question, and I think more so by comparison than others. I speak of sudden changes, understand: not gradually developed ones, to which every disease known to science is equally liable.

I had been upwards of two years in the institution, and had seen something of every case treated there. In that time we had one hundred and thirty patients, forty-three of whom were discharged cured in less than a year; six had died of disorders associated with the malady for which they were under treatment; nine had been removed by their friends, and the balance remained under our care. I speak of the time between my entering the institution as an assistant physician, and the time of my receiving a brief note from my uncle, a wealthy, retired merchant of New York. The note will speak for itself more directly than if I endeavored to explain its purport; it is as follows:—

"Dear Nephew.—Recent indications of a disordered mental condition in your cousin Archibald have decided me, with the advice and concurrence of our family physician, Doctor Bitterdrug, to send him to a private asylum; and hearing good reports of the one with which you are connected, I write to inquire your terms, and whether or not you can receive him. It may be well for me to state that his derangement, which appears to be slight and of a harmless nature, is the result of serious losses consequent upon stock operations on Wall street."

This brief note was dated at the residence of the writer in Forty-second street, and signed with his name, Abner Earle. I lost no time, after consulting with Doctor Cranisl, our chief, in replying to it, and informing my uncle that we were in readiness to receive Archibald at such time as he might state, expressing my regret at the unfortunate occurrences that had deprived his son not only of fortune but of reason.

"Poor Archy!" I thought to myself, "that he of all men should be the victim of such a calamity; he, so light hearted, so full of life and hope." As for the fortune he had lost that didn't matter so much, for "Uncle Abner" was very wealthy, and there were but three children. "Poor, dear fellow!" He was just two years and a half my senior. We had been at school together when boys, but afterwards he had entered his father's counting house, having a fancy for mercantile pursuits; and I had gone to college. I was indebted to "Uncle Abner" for many kindnesses after the death of my own father, who had failed heavily in business while I was yet a mere lad; and I resolved to exert myself to the utmost in the treatment of his son, in whom the old gentleman had always felt a sincere pride, and one that was in every way justified.

Two days after the mailing of my reply to my uncle's first note I received a second one, telling me to be ready to receive Archibald at the institution on the Tuesday following, it being Saturday when the letter reached me. He would be accompanied on the journey, so wrote my uncle, by the old family servant, one Caleb Matthews, a very trustworthy, conscientious man, and by Doctor Bitterdrug himself. They would leave town in the ten thirty train, which would be due in Middleport, two miles distant from the Asylum, at four fifteen in the afternoon of the same day. That I knew of my own knowledge.

Everything was got in readiness, a carriage sent to the depot, and, at the expected time my cousin arrived, accompanied by his guardians. He appeared to be in good health generally; shook me cordially by the hand, asked few questions, and altogether comported himself in a manner perfectly consistent with a sound mental condition. Doctor Bitterdrug, who was a fussy little man, forever rubbing together his insignificant little hands, of whose whiteness he was exceedingly vain, and the man Caleb, remained over with us until the next day, when they departed for the city on the first train bound southward.

The apartments reserved for the use of my cousin Archibald were two rooms, a sleeping and sitting room, on the second floor, not far from the one in which I myself slept. He seemed much pleased with their comfortable and orderly appearance, and was evidently under the impression, a semi-doubtful one, that he was at a hotel or large boarding house, where it would be advisable for his health that he should spend the summer season. This idea he had imbibed, of course, from remarks thrown out by his friends and Doctor Bitterdrug; and this idea, also, it was advisable to encourage without appearing purposely to do so, for there was no telling how soon his suspicions might be aroused, if they were not already so, as was indicated by the following conversation that took place the morning after his arrival:—

"And how was it, Fred," he asked of me, "that you came to go into this business? I thought you studied medicine in New York. How did you come to give that up?"

A bright idea occurred to me at the moment, and I availed myself of it at once.

"Oh!" I replied carelessly, "I never gave it up. This establishment of ours is a sort of a hotel and water cure."

"Hydropathy, eh? Thunder and lightning! I thought you went in for drugs!"

"So I do, Archy, so I do, but then there's a good deal of virtue in water, for diseases of a certain class; of the chest, lungs, rheumatism and so on."

"And you don't believe in it in cases of mental derangement, eh?" he asked quickly, eyeing me closely and keenly.

"I shook my head. "No, not at all in those cases, it wouldn't answer."

He seemed immensely relieved at this, and glanced two or three times round his room.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed approvingly, "this is jolly. By the way, Fred, can any one hear, think?"

"Not if the door's closed," I answered, rising and shutting it for him.

He drew his chair closer to mine. "I suppose you have heard of my bad luck on Wall street, old fellow," he continued; "the governor didn't mention it in that note he wrote you? Good old boy! He took all the arrangements of my coming here on himself. Said he to me one morning, 'your cousin, Frederick Eaton, has got a pleasant house at Middleport, a sort of hotel, and I think it would do you good to go out and spend a few weeks with him; or, maybe, all summer,' so I took his advice and came; and so, since he didn't tell you of my losses, I'll go over the whole thing with you myself."

I tried to interrupt him, and to think of some excuse for leaving him, fearing the effects the excitement, consequent on the narration, might have upon his general health. But it was certain he would take the very next opportunity to tell me, so it might as well come first as last. I had told him I knew nothing of his misfortunes, thinking thereby to please him, and allay any suspicion he might have of a connection existing between them and his presence there at the institution.

"It was Fort Wayne and Erie that did most of the business for me, *Fred*," he resumed; "I lost a clean half a million somewhere inside of six months. Think of that! A snug little fortune, eh? Made a clean sweep of me, clean to a dollar. But that wasn't the worst of it, Fred. You knew I was engaged to Clara Nelson? No? Oh, I forget you've been away from New York for some time. Well, I was; the handsomest girl you ever set eyes on, Fred, but—well I won't say. She jilted me, Fred, jilted me when she understood I'd lost my money; went back on me altogether. They say she'd done the same thing with others without their ever losing any money at all; but I don't believe it, Fred, I don't believe it, for she was engaged to me, and to no one else that ever I knew. When I sold my horses, the two greys, they were a spanking team and no mistake. All inside of six months, Fred; and most of it in Erie and Fort Wayne."

This is a brief synopsis of Archibald Earle's communication; long, rambling and discursive, as it was, I can give here but the leading points, which are quite sufficient. It appeared then there were two causes, the loss of riches and the loss of a wife that had served to unsettle my cousin's reason, but one of these causes was the consequence of the other. Which operated most strongly upon him was a question that addressed itself at once to me, although to the question I had no answer, and for the cause itself no remedy. I could neither restore to him his wealth, nor alter the rejection of him by his lady love. I could see that Archie's vanity had been considerably piqued by this fact, and with very excellent reason, for he was a splendid looking fellow; tall, powerfully built, with a great head of thick, brown curls, and long, yellow, side whiskers that were enough in themselves to excite the envy of many a less fortunate Adonis.

Several weeks went by, and except for the rambling nature of his conversation at times, and the slightly wild, unsettled look of his eye when talking about his losses and the girl who jilted him, I should certainly have concluded that there was a mistake somewhere and that my cousin's entire sanity was a matter beyond question. As it was I trusted that time would do everything toward restoring that perfect balance which alone appeared wanting. To this effect I wrote his father when Archibald had been only a week at the institution, and the old gentleman appeared much relieved on learning my opinion, backed as it was by that of Doctor Cranisl.

But now comes that part of my recital that will go to prove what I have already said respecting cases of insanity. It so happened one morning of the third week of my cousin's stay, that a patient, occupying the same floor, who had exhibited, for some time back, rather alarming symptoms, became suddenly violent, and had to be removed from his room to one of another kind set apart for emergencies like this. Of course this could not be done without some little noise and disturbance, which was deemed at all times advisable, should be kept as much as possible from the knowledge of the others. But this was not always an easy task. There was sure to be some one cognizant of the transaction whom we would rather had not been. This happened to be the case on this particular occasion with Archibald Earle.

When the removal had been accomplished, loud and repeated ringings at his bell summoned me to his apartment, and it was with feelings of anxiety that I went thither. Arrived there, these were for the moment entirely dispelled by the calm, even cheerful expression of his face, and the hearty greeting he extended to me.

"Come in, old fellow; confounded row you're having this morning; what's it all about?"

I had no sooner entered than he closed and locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and turned upon me with an expression the very reverse of that he had worn a few moments before.

"Why, what's the matter Archy?" I asked.

"The matter," he replied; "I'll just show you what is the matter. Sit down there!" pointing to a chair; "and don't get up until I tell you." I took the chair indicated, thinking by so doing to conciliate him, but far from it, he was evidently very much worked up about this same "row" that he spoke of, and I was very desirous of soothing him, and, if possible, allaying any suspicions he might have of the true character of the institution.

"Now, then," said he, after a moment's pause, taking up a position directly in front of me, "the matter is this—don't attempt to deny it—you keep an asylum for the insane. That's what you do here, and you know it. All that about water cure is mere sham and humbug, Archy," he exclaimed.

"You're mistaken, Archy," I remonstrated; "I've found you out. You have deceived me, as has your father; so has old Bitterdrug; and it is no use attempting it any longer. Sit still, and don't attempt to leave the room, as I have already said. We are locked in, all, and with reference to the door of my own room, as I have the key in my pocket, and of the hall, his apartment is [illegible] on a long corridor running east and west, with windows looking to the south and those corresponding to the west. I might call, and call in vain, for no one happened to be in that part of the house or ground

besides I should only betray a fear of him by any such proceeding, and so relinquish what advantage I might otherwise have.

"I've been roped into this," he said, and his features began to assume a settled vindictive expression; "and enticed out here to be domiciled with lunatics; but, as I said before, I'll be even with *you*, Fort Wayne and Erie to the contrary notwithstanding"—here he laughed a short laugh, and drew from an inside pocket a razor, which he slowly and deliberately opened. Great Heavens! how the sight of that sharp instrument caused the chills to run through me. It had never for a moment occurred to me his possessing such a weapon, for he had entirely neglected his beard while in the institution.

With a degree of coolness and method singularly out of keeping with his former excited manner, he proceeded, with an eye closely watching my movements the while, to carefully sharpen the razor, pausing every now and then to try its edge by drawing it across a hair, which he got from his own head by running his fingers once or twice each time through his thick chestnut curls.

I sat watching all this preparation with mingled feelings it would be impossible for me to describe, rapidly turning over in my mind the chances of escape. I confess that to jump through the window, with a fall of about fifty feet into the court-yard at the side of the house, where a broken leg and possibly a broken neck, awaited me, or to disarm my adversary, were the only two that offered themselves—the one seeming equally practicable with the other. Even if I had been my cousin's equal in size and strength normally, he possessed in his then condition, if resisted, a certain abnormal power that would have to be overcome, and this, taking no account of the razor whatever.

"Do you always shave yourself, Archy?" I asked with a tremendous effort to appear at ease, and hoping to divert his thoughts into another channel, for I had no doubt it was his intention to kill me by cutting my throat.

"I've shaved myself for the last nine years," he replied in rather a surly tone, "but this morning I'm going to shave you, Fred Eaton; excuse me Doctor Eaton; Frederick Eaton, M. D., first assistant to Dr. Erastus Craniel, proprietor of an asylum for the insane at Middleport, ha, ha, ha! I'm going to shave your head, sir, and have you put in a straight jacket; you're a lunatic of the first water; but if you resist, sir, or move while I am performing the operation I'll cut your throat from ear to ear."

Well, here was an ordeal to go through. It was some relief to know that it was not his intention to cut my throat at once without any if about it, but to have my head shaved and to be taken for a lunatic myself by the visitors, to have to wear a wig, great Heavens! And then there was a ferocity in his eye which left no doubt of his intention to carry out his threat in case I resisted.

"It will be necessary," he observed, "first to lather you unless you prefer a dry shave"—this he said without moving a muscle and with perfect seriousness.

"Oh, not at all," I answered, a sensation of faintness coming over me with the words.

"Throw your head well back," said he, at the same time laying his razor aside and taking up the brush. As he advanced toward me, cup and brush in hand, I made a sudden spring at him out of the chair in which I set. The suddenness of the attack, combined with the additional vigor lent me by the desperate circumstances in which I found myself, served for the moment to overcome him, and with a tremendous crash, upsetting a small table in the centre of the room, we both went rolling upon the floor; I, as luck would have it, falling on top. It required all the strength I was capable of to maintain my position and keep shouting for help; if assistance didn't arrive soon I knew I must be overpowered. Even as this thought passed through my mind, I felt myself being gradually overcome. I had fast hold of his necktie, which, in the absence of a collar, he wore tied losely about his throat. His left arm was round my waist, his right across my back, the fingers of his right hand firmly grasping my shoulder, and he was slowly but surely turning me under. At that moment I heard steps approaching from the staircase in the centre of the corridor. Nearer and nearer they came; now they were a few feet off; now close outside the door, now the handle was tried; then loud raps sounded on the panel. With one gigantic effort he succeeded in completely overpowering me, disengaging himself entirely from my hold. Almost as quickly I sprang to my feet, fearing an attack with the razor. Just then the door was opened by one of those outside having a pass key. A sudden cry issued from the lips of the foremost of them, and the heavy fall of something in the opposite corner to where the door was caused me to glance in that direction. "Great God!" I exclaimed; there lay Archibald Earle with a wide gash in his throat, and the blood running from it into a pool upon the floor, where lay the razor, the blade and handle smeared with the crimson life current.

We lifted him from where he lay, myself and one or two others, and proceeded to examine the wound and to staunch the flow of blood. The cut was a deep and wide one, but fortunately the carotid artery had escaped all contact with the razor. With proper care and nursing the patient would recover.

He did recover, not only from the wound, but likewise his reason; a foregone conclusion with me from the moment I examined the cut, and saw that there was every reason to hope for a continuance of his life. My own hands trembled so from my recent exertions that it was impossible for me to dress the wound, but this was performed skilfully and well by another. I have only to add that my cousin Archibald has since retrieved his ill fortune upon Wall street, and is the devoted husband of a very happy wife; not his former lady-love, who so heartlessly jilted him, but one possessing equal charms of person, and, I am of opinion, more sterling qualities of heart.

Sporting Squibs.

— As a penalty for betting on the wrong side in the recent election, a western man was compelled to eat a cooked rat, the bet being ratified in that way.

— It may be well to place upon record the fact that the Hon. John Morrissey was re-elected on the 3d inst., to represent New York city in the next Congress.

— Foot races between girls are among the attractions at cattle shows in Iowa. Strange places for girls to be.

— A prize ox, weighing four thousand pounds, took the premium of $400 at the Staunton (Va.) Fair.

— At one haul, on the 6th inst., twenty thousand fish are said to have been caught at Long Branch.

— In Union township, Hamilton County, N. J., Joseph Van Sykel has two cows that will weigh 3,400 lbs.

— Forty thousand dollars was the price paid for the skating rink land on Tremont street, Boston.

— A State Fair of the Agricultural Society of Georgia is shortly to be held.

— A duel is reported as having lately taken place between two Spanish officials in the bull ring at Madrid.

— A school to teach velocipeding has been started in Paris.

— A man died suddenly at Hoboken, N. J., recently, from the effects of carrying too great a weight.

— Wm. Smith, of Philadelphia, was fined five dollars on the 9th inst., for driving a lame and superannuated horse.

— A skating park is about being erected at Altoona, Pa.

— Salmon in the Susquehanna river, Pennsylvania, are said to be in fine condition.

— Gunners in Wyoming County, Pennsylvania, are having rare sport in hunting bears, which are quite plenty just now.

— A quill, made one hundred and three years ago, and a German Bible, printed in 1533, were recently exhibited at a fair held in Hollidaysburg, Pa.

— A turkey gobbler recently brought forth a brood of chickens in Huntingdon, Pa., and cared for them as tenderly as a matronly hen.

— A wolf hunt was one of the recent scenes of excitement at Grafton, N. H. His wolfship was 7 feet long, 4 feet high, and by him hung a large, bushy tail.

— A thousand Highlanders can be turned out by the townships of Kenyon and Lochiel, near Montreal, C. E., not one of them less than 6 feet in his stockings.

— The editor of a Western Democratic paper says:—"To the many inquisitive friends who want to know how far we are going up Salt River, we make this general reply, 'Yuba Dam.'"

— Bull fighting is to be done away with in Spain.

— Espartero is reported as having won $400,000 by gambling in Turkey.

— An eel of 80lbs weight was recently caught by an Englishman.

— An election bet was made by a Massachusetts man which involved his taking a cow-back ride if Grant was elected. He tried the bovine feat but failed.

— Professor Brooks recently went up in a balloon from Memphis, Tenn., and at a height of 8,000 feet dropped a dog. As nothing has since been seen or heard of the dog down this way, *some* people think that he may have dropped up.

— ABOUT A, B, C's.—What are watery letters?—C's. Coldlet ters?—I's. Hot letters?—O, 'L! Letters not much regarded?—X's. Industrious letters?—B's. Profound letters?—Y's. What is a criminal relation?—R's son.

—A 500lbs. black bear was trapped near Williamstown, Mass., last week by John Wright. Several others are strolling about eating up the mutton.

— A real porcupine was caught by Niles Manchester, of Barkharnsted, Conn., a few days ago. His dog, which first attacked it, received the bristling quills of the fretful porcupine in it's mouth, which caused its death in great agony.

— The reporters for the dailies are not altogether at home in reporting sporting events. In an account of the fight between Gallagher and Elliott, near Detroit, the innocent reporter says of the eleventh round:—"This was a hard fought round, Elliott having *the best of it, his right eye rapidly closing.*"

— In Philadelphia Councils, last week, an ordinance was adopted imposing a fine of five dollars on any one who may kill, trap, snare, or wound birds, excepting woodcock, partridges, rail and reed birds, within the city limits.

— The Hudson County, N. J., Schuteren Corps will hold a shooting festival on the 26th inst.

— The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received, since last statement, $2,525 in contributions. Much good is effected by this society.

— Men continue to tote other men in wheelbarrows, walk from city to city, and grind out music from uncertain organs, as part expiation for their sins in voting for the losing candidates in the late Presidential contest.

— "Bandit hats," so called, probably, from their being worn by bandits, are among the latest things out for covering the masculine head.

— Base Ball has about reached its latter end for the season of 1868.

— The American News Company's employees are to celebrate Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26th by going on a target excursion.

— A skating club of both sexes is in process of formation at Bridgeport, Ct.

— A turkey belonging to Mrs. Soule, of Grass Lake, Ill., has laid seventy-four eggs during the past season.

— Eighty-four cups of coffee were recently drank by a Frenchman for a wager, which caused him to have to take an emetic to save his life.

GAME FOWLS.—Mr. J. R. Ashford, of 807 Callowhill street, Philadelphia, has just received a lot of choice strains of game fowl, and has also on hand a number of stags and pullets of this year's production, which he warrants pure breed and thoroughgame.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3 880 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

A CONSTANT READER, Washington, D. C.—Up to the 127th round the chances were against Price, but he then rallied, and from then until the close of the battle it was about an even thing. In an exchange of blows Coburn always had the best of it, having entirely closed the left eye of his opponent, and much damaged the other, besides punishing him pretty severely generally. He was not much injured himself, his left eye only showing the marks of Price's visitations, and his right hand being somewhat puffed up by the repeated use made of it in trying his opponent's mettle.

A. S. A. J.—1. We never heard of Mike Henry having been engaged in a prize fight as principal. 2. He has had several little skirmishes but no pitched battle. 3. Such would be the general impression, he being so much the bigger man. 4. Hicken was sober, from all accounts. 5. We never heard of it. Kirk is a different sort of man entirely. 6. We do not know Nelse's present whereabouts.

J. B., Charlestown, Mass.—1. Deaf Burke was born Dec. 8th, 1809, and arrived in New York in 1834. He fought twice in this country—once with Sam O'Rorke, near New Orleans, La., May 30th, 1837, Burke cutting his way out with a Bowie, knife in a general row, and escaping on horseback from the mob, and the second being with O'Connell, at Hart's Island, N. Y., Aug. 21st, 1837, Burke winning in ten rounds. 2. Bob Brettie was born at Portobello, Scotland.

D. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—If the referee gave the order for the Hill to continue the race after being righted, he was in error in deciding in favor of the Fitler, because of what happened prior to the issuing of said order, and all bets should be drawn. If he did not do so, how ever, then, for the same reason that the race was decided against the Hill—the fact of her having received outside assistance—all bets must go with the main stakes.

J. H. J.—"J. H. J. bets that the majority given for the democratic candidate, in the election held on Oct. 13th, in Philadelphia, would exceed fifteen hundred. Van C. bets it will not. Which was?".....The majority for Fox for Mayor was 1,838, but as his election is contested, the disposition of the stake must await the action of the courts.

FALL RIVER.—In the race in which Lang and Richards made, in a dead heat, the fastest one mile time on record, viz.:—4 min. 17½ sec, Robt. McKinstry, Jas. Sanderson, Patrick Stapleton, Siah Albison, Chas. Mower, John Neary and Jas. Nuttall, also competed. Ed. Mills (Young England) was entered but did not run.

J. W. S., Lansingburgh.—Well, why didn't you insist on your rights? This is the first we have heard of their refusing to accept your challenge. It confirms us in the impression that a studied effort has been made, by very unfair means, to deprive clubs outside of New York and Brooklyn from having a chance to play for that honor.

ST. LOUIS, JR.—D has no right to profit by his partner's blunder, and the card first played by him must remain as his play. If he were permitted to play another card, after his partner's misplay had been discovered, it would open the way for fraud under the guise of unintentional misplay.

BUTCHER BOY.—1. Louis Moires' gymnasium, 20 St. Mark's Place. 2. By enclosing a twenty-five cent stamp to this office you can obtain a copy of the rules of the P. R. S.—Prof Wm. Clarke resides at Fort Hamilton, but does not teach sparring at present.

W. B., Chicago.—We know nothing about the money you allege as having sent to a party in this office for advertising, and we cannot hold ourself accountable. Letters on business or other matters connected with the CLIPPER should be sent to the proprietor, and to him only.

E. H. L., Brooklyn.—Tom Thumb and Com. Nutt closed their season on Oct. 24th, and resumed it on Nov. 9th, in Jersey City. They were performing nowhere in public on the 7th, Tom being in Connecticut and the Com. in Manchester, N. H.

C. D., Montreal.—1. The Pearson Brothers, of Boston, painted it, and its original cost was about $2,000. 2. It was exhibited throughout the country, and was very successful for a while.

TOM CRIB, Stamford, Ct.—1. Order it through Wilmer and Rogers, corner Liberty and Nassau streets, this city. It will cost you two dollars per copy. 2. Ben Caunt was beaten by Bendigo twice and by Nick Ward once.

GRANT, New York.—In our opinion the highest majority should always be taken; consequently Hoffman's 69,000 and not Seymour's 60,000, should be the figures; therefore we should decide that B won.

S. W. W., S. Marshalltown, Ia.—1. Legal Tender, 1 mile in 1:44. 2. Gladiateur, 1 mile 17 yards in 1:39. 3. We are of opinion that the best veterinary schools are in New York. 4. No record of half mile time running.

SHANNON.—The answers to J. H. B., last week, were transposed, as the contest shows, and should read—"The best time for two miles, in harness, is 4:50, by Flora Temple; two miles, to wagon, 4:56¼, by Dexter and Gen. Butler.

W. H. G., New York.—1. The position of umpire is more difficult than that of scorer. 2. Six hours and twenty-one minutes from New York to Albany, by the the steamer Alida. 3. George Wright.

L. R., New Orleans.—1. The Mutuals are champions. 2. The challenge not being received within the 15 days, is of no account.

D. M. O.—Hiram Woodruff never drove Dexter in 2:18¼ in a race. John Murphy rode him under a saddle, in a match against time, in 2:18 1-5.

R., New York.—The best skaters use the New York Club skate, made by Barney & Berry, Springfield, Mass. Write to Peck & Snyder, 105 Nassau street.

E. M.—1. Leon was born Nov. 21st, 1844. 2 We cannot give you the number of runs made by them until the averages are published.

J. B. HAMILTON, C. W.—1. The player is out. 2. It is not customary for umpires to run to the bases to see whether a man is out or not, but we do not see any harm in it.

SUBSCRIBER, Penn Yan, N. Y.—The rule says, "Each cock within two ounces of each other shall be a match." A therefore wins.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—By the rules of the New York Sportsmen Club a missing fire or only exploding is at the risk of the shooter, and scores as a miss.

BILLIARD CUE.—The first championship billiard tournament for the golden cue took place at Irving Hall, from June 1st to the 9th, 1863.

ROCKE.—As the money was to go with the main stakes, he who bet on O'Baldwin wins, providing, of course, the bet was worded as you state.

SCIPIO, Boston.—1. Delehanty and Hengler are considered good double cloggists. 2. We cannot inform you what her right name is.

A. B. C. Y., Syracuse, N. Y.—Simply a matter of opinion that we cannot undertake to decide. Nearly everyone thinks the paper he reads is the best edited.

CENTRE HOUSE, Waterloo, Ia.—Your statement is not very clear; but, as we understand it, we should say that Hank won one and lost one bet—*i. e.*, a "stand off."

G. K., Utica, N. Y.—What do you mean by going higher? If one player orders up the trump, that settles the matter, and the game goes on.

A READER, Annapolis, Md.—1. John Brown made his Harper's Ferry raid on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 17th, 1859. 2. John Brown was hung on Dec. 2d, 1859.

DUMMY, New Britain, Conn.—You have no right to push the white ball out of the way, and therefore the carom in question could not count.

HORACE.—The pair nullified the sequence, consequently B was not entitled to the three points claimed by him for his deuce. The other counts were all right.

H. MAGUIRE.—"A and B are playing cribbage; A plays a four, B an ace; A a tray, B a deuce, and claims four holes. Is this correct?".....It is correct.

point for Jack should always be taken by the dealer as soon as turned up.

S. R., Winona, M. T.—Two holes are all that can be pegged for "thirty-one" at cribbage. The one for "last card" is out of order when "thirty-one" is made.

MOBILE THEATRE.—It went democratic in the year 1862, on the occasion of the election of Seymour over Wadsworth for governor.

P. T. E., Baltimore.—At the last census Brooklyn had a population of 270,000; Philadelphia, 600,000; Baltimore, 215,500; Cincinnati 265,000; St. Louis, 170,000.

DUFF.—1. Lilly and McCoy fought Sept. 13th, 1842. 2. Hyer beat Sullivan Feb. 7th, 1849.

GUY.—It is thought that New York City has a population of one million.

J. R., Calleo.—He is at present at the Varieties, St. Louis, Mo.

W. J. WELCH, Boston.—The money received pays for five insertions.

H. S.—Our opinion is that no player should have the privilege of playing alone when a partner offers to assist him.

W. W. K., Columbus.—We have more than we can find room for for some time to come.

JENNIE.—"Our American Cousin" was the piece performed, and Laura Keene was the star.

X—10—U—8.—Jake Roome was in his youthful days employed as ticket boy on one of the old stage lines.

P. H.—Rise early, live temperately, take moderate and regular exercise and retire at a seasonable hour.

NELSON KIRK.—An intimate friend would like to hear from you.

BEEKMAN.—As the fight was not renewed in the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, all bets are off.

KLYDE, Wilkesbarre.—The original Macallister has been dead several years.

E. W. C., Cincinnati.—He is giving readings throughout the country.

VOX, Philadelphia.—The Academy in your city seats 2,833 persons, and the Drury lane, London, 2,500 persons.

J. A. P.—He was never in this country, to our knowledge, as an actor.

RORY O'MOORE.—Ned O'Baldwin has a brother living in Boston, who came out some time before the Giant.

MANHATTAN.—A won, as the democrats exceeded the majority mentioned in the bet.

J. W. F., Baltimore, Md.—Seymour is generally considered to have won.

W. HALLER, N. Y.—A culprit of that character has no right to vote.

SKITTLER.—By the man standing in the centre of the frame means his straddling over the front pin, the player running up.

J. W. R.—We think Hoffman's figures should be taken as the majority.

H., Greensburgh, Miss.—Pocahontas never trotted a mile in 2:17¼, at any time or any place.

M. J. S., New York.—We wine the bet; he can demand that the cards be shuffled and cut before they are dealt.

S. H. D.—1. It depends on the wording of the bet. 2. The official canvass has not yet been concluded.

J. L.—Ned O'Baldwin has a brother in this country. He has resided in Boston for about five years.

A MEMBER.—H. T. Gratacap, No. 143 Grand street, this city, manufactures the articles you want.

W. F. G., Quincy, Ill.—As we do not invest in that kind of merchandise, we are unable to give you the information.

Q. M. D.—Both having two to go, the one holding low, Jack, went out first.

C. B. K., Peoria, Ill.—Our opinion is that the bet should be decided by the highest majority cast, no matter for what office.

DAN KEELEY, East Boston.—The Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was constructed first, we believe.

SPORT, Syracuse.—C has no right to call upon B to show his cards until B has declared whether he will bet or not.

D. Q., Natchez, Miss.—B, who holds high, low, scores out before A's Jack.

ERRATUM, New Orleans.—We have a regular correspondent in your city.

ENQUIRER, Terre Haute.—The panorama is not traveling at present.

S. B, Cambridge.—Mr. Smith had been a member of Wallack's for several seasons previous.

ENGLISH SNIPE.—There are partridges here, but they are not identical with the English partridge.

SPORT, New Haven.—At what distance do you wish to know the fastest time?

A. LONG.—In the year 1797 Pennsylvania cast her electoral vote for Thomas Jefferson, who was defeated by John Adams.

G. R. M., New Haven, Ct.—As English did have a majority of 1,800 over Hawley, it is our opinion that A lost.

BENJAMIN SCHLOSS.—We forwarded your letter to Mr. C. Gunther, No. 502 Broadway, N. Y.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—Soap and water removes it easily.

J. L. P., Norwich.—Billon is considered first class; cannot give you any information about the other party.

N. A. B.—Twenty-nine feet 7 inches, by Howard; it has also been stated as 29 ft. 8 in., but the former is correct.

SALT WATER.—The steamship Pacific left Liverpool Jan. 23d, 1856, and was never heard from.

UNION PARK.—Wallack's Theatre and the Metropolitan hotel are on the same side of Broadway, in N. Y.

C. B. B., Baltimore.—They are in Norfolk, Va., this week, and will shortly reappear in this city.

J. S.—1. Addie is not married. 2. Twenty-one years of age. 3. At Barnum's Museum.

FAIR PLAY.—1. The charge is 50 cts. 2. Flora Temple is not dead.

J. J. B., Brooklyn.—There are no pictures of the lady on sale.

C. T. P., St. Louis.—1. Forty-two years of age. Maggie Mitchell is the greatest artist of the two.

CONDUCTOR.—Wormald won the championship of England by defeating Andrew Harsden, Jan. 4, 1865.

C. W. K., Allegheny, Pa.—Will hand your letter to a manufacturer of or dealer in the article.

A CONSTANT READER, Erie Pa.—The full official returns not having been given yet, we cannot decide your bet.

T., Santa Fee, New Mexico.—The man on second base was not forced off, and therefore was not out.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Troy.—1. Bad management. 2. Martin. 3. Craver's first case.

CHIEF BUGLER, Fort McHenry, Md.—1. We do not know. 2. No. 3. 5½ ounces. 4. About the same as a base ball. 5. No. J. McC., Bethlehem, Pa.—Harry Reed ran 440 yards in 48¼ seconds, in England.

J. N.—O'Baldwin and Wormald never fought in England.

J. N. W.—It is too late in the season, as is conceded by both.

H. F. G., Philadelphia.—A won by turning up Jack. The IXIOS.—Tamaro was in the troupe as tenor.

WILLIE.—The lady has passed her fortieth birthday.

O. B. S., Philadelphia.—We never heard of such a book.

O.—Massachusetts has held slaves since it became a State.

DEXTER.—As C did not vote for Grant, B won, of course.

J. L. M.—On the first Tuesday.

TRIX, Binghamton.—We do not know.

OLYMPIC, JR.—We never heard of a billiard player by that name.

N. M.—London, Eng., we believe.

SEYMOUR.—The bet must be decided by the official returns.

E. A. AND M.—It will cost $10 per month.

BOXY, Syracuse.—We did not state anything of the kind.

TRAINER.—John Goulding can be heard of at this office.

S. L. L.—We know of no one in this city for you to apply to.

LEGGET.—Coburn.

K. G.—Sayers never fought King.

H. S., Binghamton, N. Y.—A wina.

SILVER STAR.—If it is a misdeal, neither party can score.

A "WICKED" LECTURER.

Oliver Dyer, the "reformer" of the "Wickedest Man in New York," delivered a lecture at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 10th inst. Subject:—"The Wickedness, Romance and Rascality of New York." Had Mr. Dyer been engaged by business men of other cities to picture our city in colors calculated to deter merchants and others from visiting the metropolis, he could not have made it any worse than he has already done, and many timid customers may have their minds so poisoned against the city of New York, by Mr. Dyer's lecture, as to induce them to make their purchases elsewhere than in such a God-forsaken place. The merchants, hotel keepers, and business men of New York are certainly indebted to this "Wicked" lecturer for his efforts to injure their business. Now, it might be supposed that the lecturer, in his presumed desire to reform the wickedness he prates so much about, would deliver these lectures free, so that all, high and low, rich and poor, could have an opportunity to listen to his words; but this is not the case—Mr. Dyer lectures for money, the price of tickets being 50 cents each. This does not seem to be a fair way of doing business on the moral reformation plan. This whole "Wickedest Man in New York" business bears evidence of being intended for a money making speculation from beginning to end. First, John Allen was brought to our notice as a dreadful bad character, about as bad a specimen of wickedness and nastiness as could be scared up; then his profligate women were brought out in the character of utility people, to fill up the scene, and do whatever little chores might be required of them; in fact, to draw the crowds just like the *ballet* draws the masses in a "well regulated theatre;" then John Allen, having rehearsed his part for several days, and being considered "well up," was given the cue to come out strong as a converted sinner, redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, and all that sort of thing, his girls backing him up as lively as an army of supes would back up Richard III. on the bloody field of Bosworth. But John wasn't converted enough—he didn't take to it kindly, but kicked in the traces. Tommy Hadden was induced to join the happy throng, but Tommy, not having such a wicked reputation as Johnny, failed to evoke the plaudits of a critical and discriminating audience, and Tommy was shelved, as it were. The pious gentlemen then turned their attention to Christopher Keyburne, Esq., better known as Kit Burns; and they endeavored to rope in that gentleman; but Kit has seen a good deal of the world, and he knew that the Fourth Ward didn't contain *all* the wickedness of the metropolis; he saw that money was at the root of their little pious arrangement, and that he had as good right to put in for a stake as the other gentlemen; so he rented them his rat pit for one hour each day at a rent of $175 per month, and Kit had such a poor opinion of the reformers that he exacted payment in advance before he let them in. All this while the "Wickedest Man" continued in a quiet way his career of wickedness and probable reformation. But Kit's rat pit didn't promise any better results than John Allen's conversion, so the whole concern went by the board in Water street, and John Allen was started out on a lecturing tour; but in this his wickedness never deserted him, and after a lamentable failure as a lecturer, becoming very loose in his manner, and tight in his conduct, John was recalled. To save *something* from the general wreck, Dyer was next selected to go on a lecturing tour, to try to make amends for the shortcomings of his illustrious predecessor; and we now see and hear him in various cities, declaiming against New York and holding it up to the execration of other communities, at fifty cents a head. There is an old adage which says "It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest." Mr. Dyer is certainly doing all in his power to foul his nest, and his lectures, as we before remarked, are calculated to injure the business interests of the city, instead of having a tendency to aid in its moral reform. The evils complained of as existing in New York may be found in other cities, and Mr. Dyer should bunch them, and so let his hearers know that wickedness is confined to no one city nor section, but may be seen and felt alike everywhere.

THE GRANDIOSE PROCLIVITY.

The memorable "big Injun" of Edwin Forrest seems to have imparted his most salient traits to the national character, and from his cradle to his grave the indigenous American appears to think that it is his bounden duty to "splurge." Every week that passes brings its grand balls and soirees, its grand openings, its grand revivals, its grand concerts, even its grand raffles. A grand sweepstakes is as inseparable from the turf as any of the verbal accessories connected with it, and our very railroad directors catch the infection and convey us to our destination over Grand Junctions, Grand Trunks, and Grand Consolidations, without number. Lever sends a hero of his—Jack Hinton—to the "Grand Canal Hotel," which he possibly expected to find a sort of counterpart of our Metropolitan, or the great caravansaries of London, but brought up, instead, at a miserable hovel, where smoked herring and potatoes constituted the only fare, and there was not such a thing as a waiter upon the premises. In our case, however, some meaning attaches to the word, as conveying the impression of something stupendous and unparalleled; for which reason every enterprise that starts into being must have the superlative affixed to its title, indicating at least a desire on the part of the projector to be considered "some punkins," if nothing more. Don't we all know how intensely it heightens the enjoyment of audiences to be informed that it is a *Grand* Opera they are witnessing, and, especially, how magical are its effects upon the treasury? How the *encores* and the plaudits resound as we listen with bated breath to the grand chorus in the lyric work of "Normia," of which, by the way, it is likely we don't understand a syllable, or gaze in ecstacy upon the rapid evolutions of our favorite *danseuse*, as she executes, to the delight of staring thousands, for the two hundred and fiftieth time, her Grand *Pas Seul* in the Grand *Ballet* Spectacle. Would half of us bestow a thought upon the accomplished magician, or prestidigitateur, or illusionist of now-a-days, if he did not label his entertainments "Grand Soirees Diaboliques" for our confusion as well as for our delectation? Ask any conjuror of the good old school, and perhaps he can tell you. It is the same with everything that is intended to be attractive all the way down to a grand dog fight or a grand prize gift enterprise, or a pawnbroker's auction. A boat race would be regarded as unworthy of notice unless it had been rechristened a grand regatta. Pic nic parties must be nick-named grand festivals, to make them profitable, and we all know how inseparable is a grand public demonstration from every event of a noteworthy nature that happens. We do everything here on a grandiose scale if at all, nor can it be said that the propensity is a reflection upon our national repute, but is rather a recommendation, as indicating the possession of an aspiring mind, and a disposition to accomplish great things. Even our merchants, capitalists and speculators, our very churchmen, have caught the prevailing mania, and daily we read by turns of grand lotteries, grand fairs, grand speculations in real estate, and grand enterprises of every kind to be thought of. We anticipate the time as not far distant when weddings will be announced through the medium of posters, mounted on wheels, and accompanied by a brass band, as grand nuptial celebrations, and our funerals not be considered complete unless heralded in big letters to the world as grand funeral obsequies.

"NAUGHTY MAN."—Reverend Alba Smith, of Hudson, Miss., is charged with having broken the seventh commandment. One Mrs. Saunders, a sheep of his pasture, was an accessory before, during, and after the fact. The "Ministerial Union" out that way might, with a great deal more propriety look after their reverend brothers instead of denouncing theatrical representations.

WHICH IS IT?—One of our political exchanges says that Gen. Grant is down on toadies. A temperance friend at our elbow suggests that the printer has made a mistake, and that it should be "down on toddies."

AUTHORSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The past century was a brilliant era for the dramatic author. It is one of its characteristic features that wit and genius, in whatever form, were held in the highest repute, intrinsic ability and worth were regarded as a passport to the loftiest honors, and raising its possessors, deferentially, to the rank of monarchs and princes. After this is admitted it grieves one to add that Samuel Johnson was once reduced to the strait of sleeping in the market stalls of London, that Goldsmith was obliged to resort to the pawnbroker and that Savage died a suicide. The age which has been exalted above our own as illustrious kept its most brilliant writers often at the starving point, and the annals of Grub street are replete with pathetic instances, it being generally thought that an author should be satisfied with the fame produced by his works, and pecuniary considerations ranked as unworthy of notice. Out of all who wrote for the public in the palmy days of the British drama, only a scanty few retained their honors after the grave had closed over them. The stage, illuminated by the wit of Congreve and Colman, who very properly abandoned the law for the drama, advanced to its highest point of dignity, and the plays of Shakespeare at this time first received the full consideration due them, in spite of Colley Cibber's adaptations and other intermeddling; but we should not forget that melodrama and buffoonery were equally popular—in short, that there were mountebanks in those days, as well as in our own. Mankind are much the same in these liberal times as they were when Congreve, Colman, Sheridan, Otway and Farquhar lived to charm the intelligent mind—the only difference being that the number of persons willing to cater to the vulger tastes of the million, for the sole purpose of putting money in their pockets, is greater now than then, while the managers are obliged to go abroad for the fodder suited to the taste of their patrons. The fact is, and there is no getting cleverly over it, the number of people of tastes purely refined and scholastic is exceedingly limited, and always was. The sale enjoyed by the works of the so-called frivolous school, from Cervantes to Charles Dickens, is the surest test that we know of, such authors amassing fortunes for themselves and their publishers, while philosophers pine and starve. One of our most popular playwrights began by an endeavor to follow in the footsteps of Otway, Home and Shiel. His compositions were read and warmly commended by competent judges, but no one would play them, in spite of their acknowledged literary merit. He wrote a very fine thing in five acts, full of sentiment and pathos, woven round an interesting and intricate plot, which the tormented manager finally consented to read before his company, provided the author would modify it to suit their views. The offer was accepted and the play duly subjected to a green-room reading before the assembled company. The author in breathless suspense awaited the verdict. "Too good," said the leading performer; "it should have but two principal parts for the gentleman and lady. Here you have six." The second support wanted an extra combat or two to relieve his dialogue. The light comedian wanted a song. The "villain" insisted upon a few thrilling stage episodes to atone for the bad effect of his misdoings. Another suggested a scenic transformation and fireworks. Another thought the introduction of a horse would be an improvement. The neophyte yielded, and finally told them to do as they pleased with his bantling, of which, when produced, the poor fellow could recognize little else than the name. What between the prompter and the performers, the stately tragedy had been transmogrified into a spectacular *ballet*, interspersed with songs and marches, and when he last saw it, it was drawing crowds as a pantomime, all his high flown language having been ruthlessly sacrificed to the requirements of the age. The author improved the lesson, and has since turned a handsome penny by his sensational dramas and spectacular improbabilities.

WAGERS.

We had something to say on the subject of odd wagers a few weeks ago, and we only now recur to the subject from the fact that, since the late elections, we cannot pick up a paper anywhere, but what we see narratives of how queer bets are being paid. One man goes stumbling along a crowded business street a mile or more, blindfolded and puzzled by a quizzing crowd. Others, and this seems to be the most common, are wheeled about in wheelbarrows by unfortunate victims of misplaced confidence. Some gentlemen become so upset by the result of the contest that they are discovered standing on their heads in public places. A San Francisco Judge is mentioned as one of these heroes. Now, we submit that when the novelty of these things wears off, they are simply foolish, without very much to redeem them. They even cease to be laughable when there are so many of them, and they pattern so much after each other. We have no disposition to chide folks for making odd wagers if they so desire; but we would like to suggest how they may combine the useful with the comical. Suppose, instead of wheeling each other about the streets, they were to wheel a few bushels of coal to some poor widow—the loser to furnish the coal, and if need be the widow, too! Or go to work and saw or chop wood! Or pick out some particularly dirty street, and clean up a section of it. By this means they will have plenty of healthful exercise, furnish food for laughter, and have the satisfaction of knowing, in addition, that they are doing a good deed. We know that our last suggestion has something of the *offal* connected with it, but if our losing friends will adopt it, perhaps other people may be induced to follow the example of their *betters*, and our *ways* may become the purer. The suggestions are entirely new and original, but we present them to the world gratis, as we have no desire to patent our medicines!

"GOT IT."—We trust that our readers may not consider us premature in making the announcement, but after a careful perusal of the various political organs, and a close analysis of tables set out to lead many astray, we have come to the conclusion that Grant and Colfax have "got it." The *World's* figures, as well as the conflicting additions and multiplication tables of the *Tribune* puzzle us a little, but we don't believe that their figures can be improved on, and the *main result* is not, therefore, likely to be changed by any further arithmetical progression.

KNOCKING DOWN.—"Our Jim," having attended a horse auction the other day, saw a nice young man buy a particularly thin and shaky looking animal, the hammer coming down on a twenty dollar bid, and the young chap imagined that he had made a bargain; but when he attempted to lead off his prize it gave way and fell to the ground; whereupon the victim became indignant, and demanded his money back on the ground that the animal could not stand. "Why," said the auctioneer, "you couldn't expect it to stand after being knocked down at such a figure!" So "Jim" says.

DUBLIN TRICKS OUTWITTED.—A party in St. Louis enjoys the sobriquet of Dublin Tricks, and, being a trainer of pugilistic heroes, he was engaged to look after Mr. McCoole, who didn't fight Coburn. It is now alleged that Tricks couldn't get McCoole to come to time in settling up, so he now enters suit against Michael for services rendered in training him for his "great fight with Coburn."

OLYMPIC ASSOCIATION.—This organization, of Philadelphia, are to give an invitation ball on the 19th inst., at National Guards' Hall, in that city, an invitation to attend which has been kindly sent us by the organization. On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, they are to indulge in a game of base ball—"Married vs. Single."

"OUR JIM'S" young cockney friend has been gravely trying to persuade him that a hen will generally lay eggs when she goes at it in "'er-nest." Where else, and how else? we should like to know.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—When you use coal oil lamps have them of different weight, as then one of them will always be the *lighter* of the two, which may be found very convenient and economical.

A GOOD WORD FOR TOBACCONISTS.—It is not true that there is cheating in *all* trades, for a tobacconist will always give you "quid *pro quo*."

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHARLEY SHAY.

This performer, and manager of the Quinceplexal Troupe, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 22d, 1840. At nine years of age he turned his attention to juggling and knife throwing, and made his first public appearance as a Chinese Juggler at Frank's Western Museum, Cincinnati, in 1852, where success attended his youthful sports. He next joined Puss Horner and Olive Bell's Circus, with whom he first made his bow in a circus ring, in Lexington, Ky., after which, he traveled with Dan Rice's Crescent City Circus, afterwards successively with George N. Bailey, June and Turner, Sloat and Sheppard, Joe Pentland, Sloat and Niblo, Spaulding and Rogers, Sands and Nathans, Goodwin and Wilder, James M. Nixon, and Cook's Royal Circus. With all these different circus companies he traveled throughout the

Vice President; R. Devonshire, Secretary; J. W. Jones, Assistant Secretary; Eugene Chassaignac, Junior, Treasurer. Delegates to L'n. State B. B. Association, F. J. Letten, Rich. Devonshire and Eug. Chassaignac, Jr. Substitutes, A. Vedrenne, Chas. E. Letten and J. W. Jones. Captain 1st nine, Edward Wilcox; Captain 2d nine, Chas. E. Letten. Directors, E. Turegane, E. Duvoisan and Chas. E. Letten. The old and good club known as the Creole, in the 3d Dist., is about to reorganize. A match game, the second of a series between the first nines of the Active and Hope clubs, was played on the 8th inst., in which the Actives were victorious in six (6) innings (it being too late to continue the game) by a score of 34 to 15. The Active boys were also victorious in the first game by a score of 32 to 5.

CITY vs. COUNTRY.

The boys of Chickering's Academy, of Cincinnati, played the ball club at College Hill, Ohio, last week, with the following result:—

College Hill.	B.L.	R.	Chickerings.	B.L.	R.
Davey, 2d b	2	1	J. Gaff, 2d b	2	2
Smith, l. f.	2	1	Gladden, p.	2	3
Taylor, c.	1	2	Bradbury, s.	2	2
White, r. f.	3	0	J. Barker, c. f.	2	2
Wild, 3d b	2	0	Van Buren, s. s.	2	1
Miller, 1st b	2	1	W. Barker, l. f.	2	0
Lewis, c. f.	2	1	Flickinger, 1st b	2	1
Burdsal, s. s.	3	0	Goodhue, r. f.	3	1
W. Taylor, p.	1	1	Wilsee, 3d b	1	2
Total	7		Total		14

ELECTION.—The Niagara Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., held a meeting on the night of the 10th inst., and elected the following officers:—President, F. Sidway; Vice President, R. P. Wilson; Corresponding Secretary, S. S. Spaulding; Recording Secretary, G. Smith; Treasurer, E. C. Sprague; Directors, Geo. Lewis, W. A. Laverack, J. R. Dobbins; Scorer, R. G. Warren. George Lewis was appointed delegate to the State Convention at Albany.

ACCIDENT TO A BALL PLAYER.—We regret to announce that Mr. John Zeller, of the Excelsior Club of Chicago, met with a severe accident in this city on the 13th inst. While proceeding through Wooster street, Mr. Zeller slipped and fell and broke his leg. It will be remembered that Mr. Zeller sustained a severe injury to one of his limbs in a game at Chicago last summer, from which he was still suffering when he was overtaken by his latest misfortune.

THE RING.

END OF THE MATCH FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

WORMALD FORFEITS TO O'BALDWIN.

What the Public Think of the Affair.

After months passed in anxious waiting and watching, the match between Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and Joe Wormald, which has been fraught with so much interest to the sporting community upon both sides of the Atlantic, has been brought to a termination with whatever little honors are attached to the affair upon the side of the Giant, to whom Wormald paid forfeit of the stakes. As stated in our last issue, Dan Noble gave notification to Wormald that he had appointed a second time and place of meeting, and that if either man failed to be on hand when the boat spoken for the proposed "excursion" left her moorings he who was present should receive the stakes. It was intended to proceed in a propellor to a favorable locality not a thousand miles removed from the city, and for obvious reasons the price of a passage was fixed at twenty dollars, which, although steep, many would have willingly paid rather than miss it. In accordance with the imperative demand of the stakeholder, Wormald came on from Boston on Wednesday morning, 11th inst., together with John Stetson and a couple of other sporting men of the Hub, who had taken a fancy for him, and agreeable to an appointment previously made, the last-named gentleman, who had acted as Wormald's representative, shortly after repaired to Florence's, where he met Noble, Coburn and several others who were specially interested in the matter, in the consultation which followed the necessary prelude of "smiling," Stetson stated Joe's shoulder was still in a very bad state from the clubbing alleged to have been received at the time of his capture by the police at Lynnfield, which rendered it impossible for him to fight upon the following morning, as had been appointed by the stakeholder, and therefore he desired a postponement for a few days. This request created considerable surprise and more dissatisfaction, involving, as it did, another disappointment and additional vexation of spirit over a matter which had already occupied too much time and attention, all to no purpose. The majority of those present evidently regarded this excuse as trumped up for the occasion and not worthy of consideration, and the stakeholder was decidedly averse to granting the request, but Wormald's spokesman stated positively that Joe could not enter the ring, while his arm remained in the condition it then was, and do anything like justice to himself or his backers, and accordingly he insisted upon the postponement being made. Finally, after debating the question sometime, Noble, anxious that some sort of an agreement might be arrived at which would ensure a second meeting within the roped enclosure, ordered an adjournment to Felix Larkin's there to consult O'Baldwin's backers and find out what were their ideas in regard to the matter.

The party, which embraced Noble, Stetson, Coburn, Hen Peckham, Charley Diamond and Billy Higgins, then jumped into coaches and proceeded to Felix's, where they found O'Baldwin and his friend, J. H. O'Connor, a fine specimen of an Irish gentleman, who, by the way, purposes returning to the land which gave them birth in the course of a fortnight. The object of their visit was quickly stated, but Larkin positively refused to accede to the desire for a postponement, stating that there had been too much of that sort of thing already, and he wanted the match brought to a conclusion one way or the other without any more bamboozling—the Giant was on hand and ready to fight at the hour named, and he was resolved not to submit to any more nonsense, especially as he considered the delay asked for unnecessary and out of reason. Several hours spent in discussing the matter failed to alter the determination of either party and finally they adjourned, to meet at Florence's at six P. M., and come to a definite understanding, although it was evident that the proposed mill would not transpire the day following, unless O'Baldwin's friends gave way. The conclave of the "big guns" had the effect of drawing together a strong delegation of wild fellows," who filled the bar room, and devoured with avidity everything that was said, while from their actions, not less than their strongly marked physiogs, it was evident that their sympathies were with the tall son of Waterford, and woe betide whoever was guilty of saying aught to conflict with their ideas in the premises, for, once their ire aroused, they would make short work of him—a fact which was patent to none more so than to the champion of America. The second meeting was held at Florence's, at the hour named, but after a few minutes stay an adjournment was had to Johnny Murray's on Amity street, where, upon our arrival, we found Noble, Larkin, Chris. O'Connor, Coburn, Higgins, Jim Collins, Patsy Egan, Matt Moore, Charley Diamond, Dan Powers, Lewis Baker, John Lawrence, Eddy Kinney, Barney Aaron, Han Peckham and a number of other sporting men, nearly all adorned with the latest style hat, a la bandetti, while O'Baldwin and O'Connor sat in the front room, apart from the crowd. Wormald, as well as everybody else, expected to find Wormald also present, but for some reason he studiously kept out of sight, as he had done all day, though it would have looked better in the eyes of all had he shown up, like his opponent. Another prolonged and earnest discussion was now in order, during which Joe's representative, seeing that the opposite party were resolute in their determination not to defer the day of battle, said he would give two hundred dollars as an inducement to have the "settlement" put off until the 16th inst., which at once brought Murray to his feet, and, stretching forth his dexter mawley, he exclaimed "That will suit me; give me the money and I will do it." Stetson had evidently not anticipated such a ready response to his offer, and now said that he would have to see Wormald before he made it good, which he at once proceeded to do. In a few minutes he returned and stated that he "wouldn't give a cent," as Wormald refused to fight until he was well, whereupon the stakeholder, as in duty bound, declared that Ned was entitled to the stakes, which should be paid over on the succeeding day. O'Baldwin then rose to his feet, and advancing into the centre of the room, quietly said that he was prepared to fight Joe upon the instant, then and there, or at any time and place where the latter might be inclined to select, which little speech, delivered in such an unpretentious manner, gained for Ned much applause, and brought from Collins an offer to find him two or three thousand for a match with anybody. Wormald's spokesman, who had performed his part well, now took his departure, asserting in a sort of disparaging way, that he had "done with fighters," and in company with Joe, left by the eight o'clock P. M. train the same day for the modern Athens.

Though the issue of the long talked of match caused much disappointment to those who had hoped to see the question of which of the twain would prove the better man in a contest with the naked fists finally settled by it, it yet gave satisfaction, inasmuch as it puts a finale to the affair, which has kept the public in hot water until all are heartily sick and tired of hearing reference made to it. The balance of the evening was passed in sociability, not a little to the benefit of Johnny's till, but we were pleased to perceive that Ned, who was the lion of the hour, persistently refused to accept the numerous pressing invitations to celebrate the occasion by joining in the general devotion at the shrine fo Bacchus. In the estimation of the public this result certainly redounds greatly to the discredit of Wormald, for, even admitting that his shoulder was so badly bruised, as alleged, they will consider that it would have been far less damaging to his reputation to have suffered defeat at the hands of so big a man after manfully fighting against such heavy odds, than to have allowed the match to end as it has done. We heard it stated after he had returned to Boston that he came on here with instructions not to fight upon any consideration for the money then up, but that, if necessary, to allow the stakes to be given to O'Baldwin, and a fresh match would be made for him for a much larger amount. This may be true or so, and before going to press we receive a fresh challenge, with money to back it up, it will look "regular," but otherwise Joe will find it a difficult matter to regain that place in the opinion of the masses which he once enjoyed, and which he has himself alone to blame for losing. It is extremely improbable that a meeting between these men will ever take place on the turf, and if a fresh match is made no confidence will be felt in it by the public. After the forfeit was declared Coburn asked O'Baldwin if he would accompany him to California, to which he replied affirmative y, so that it is more than probable that Ned and Joe will be *compagnons du voyage*, and the sporters of the Golden State be soon favored with a double-header in the way of a pugilistic sensation.

Since the above was written we have received the following challenge from Wormald, and the accompanying letter from Henry Oswald, a prominent sporting man of Boston, and the gentleman who, with Mr. Heathwood, became surety for Wormald, instead of Mr. Williams, as we had been erroneously informed; corroborative of statements made upon Joe's behalf. Wormald may mean all he says and he probably has friends there who he would be willing to risk considerable "paper" upon him, but he and they should have remembered the old saying that "money talks all languages," and been particular to enclose a sufficient sum to have proven the truth of their professions, which could have been done just as well at the time the communications were penned as a week hence. As they have failed to do this essential thing, the public, whose verdict is oftener right than wrong, will regard these effusions as so much "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." However, we give them for what they are worth. Read:—

BOSTON, Nov. 14, '68.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—After reading your remarks about O'Baldwin and myself, I have but one thing to say, and that is, if O'Baldwin means fight I am willing and ready to fight him for from two to five thousand dollars a side, thirty days after signing articles, and will send some money to you next week for O'Baldwin to cover; so he has no need to go to California, for I will fight him for as much money as he can raise, and if he goes without fighting me, he is nothing less than a coward and I will claim the championship of the world. Truly Yours, JOE WORMALD, 105 Court st., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, Nov. 14, '68.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—After reading your remarks in this day's CLIPPER respecting the Wormald and O'Baldwin match, I would say, in justice to Mr. Wormald, that it was no fault of his in not coming to New York sooner than he did, for I, as one of his bail, refused to allow him to leave this State (he being an entire stranger to me), unless some other party would secure my bail, which a friend of his, Mr. Stetson, did on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Heathwood and myself went to Salem jail to see him and he said that no friend had been to see him, and I sent his bail, with the understanding that he would secure me on his release, and I went to shake hands with him and myself, and it was one mass of bruises from the blows of the policemen, in his attempts to get away from them at Lynnfield after the late battle. Respectfully Yours, &c.

HENRY OSWALD, Continental Hotel, Boston, Mass.

AROUND AGAIN.—The friends of the stalwart George B Clarke will be pleased to know that he is once more able to be about and visit the places which formerly knew him, but have not for a long time, owing to his protracted and serious illness.

THE TRIAL of GEORGE SADDENS has been fixed for the 17th inst., at Boston.

RING ENCOUNTER OUT WEST,

BETWEEN

Charley Gallagher and Jimmy Elliott, for $600.

THE FIGHT ENDS IN A GENERAL MELEE AND ELLIOTT GETS THE STAKES.

The off hand match alluded to in our last impression as having been made between Charley Gallagher and Jimmy Elliott, in Cleveland, O., for the small sum of three hundred dollars a side, was brought to a termination at Peach Island, about seven miles distant from Detroit, Mich., early on Thursday afternoon, 12th inst., and resulted in the unjust award of the victory to Elliott, after one of the most disgraceful engagements which it has ever been our province to record, the latter having committed a number of palpable fouls and the battle ending in a general scramble between principals and seconds. Elliott was born at Athlone, Ireland, Sept. 12th, 1844, stands 5ft. 11in. in his stocking feet, and, in proper condition, weighs about 160lbs. His career has not been a successful one, and includes defeats by Nobby Clarke and Jim Dunn, a draw with Hen. Winkle, and a victory over Bill Davis last year, though much of the credit which would otherwise have attached to the last named triumph was taken away by the assertion, and general belief, that it was all "fixed" beforehand. Gallagher appeared but once previously in the ring, being defeated by Davis, at Fighting Island, near Detroit, after contesting 45 rounds in 1 hour and 57 minutes, Oct. 5, 1867. He was once before matched with his present opponent, but was compelled to forfeit through sickness. Ever since then Gallagher has been very anxious to have a trial with Jimmy, and several weeks since stated so through our columns, calling upon Elliott to make his word good by accommodating him for the sum he (Gallagher) had been able to raise, $300. This the Athlonian consented to do, D. Lacey finding the sugar for him, while Johnny Mackey and one or two others pinned their faith and stamps upon Charley, who immediately took up his quarters at the Park House, Detroit, where he took good care of himself, while his antagonist remained in the Forest City. Those who purposed attending the mill rendezvoused in the City of Straits on Wednesday the 11th inst., and at about eleven o'clock next morning two steamers left their moorings for the battle ground, the Gallagher party occupying the Island Queen, and Elliott's partisans, who were vastly in the ascendancy, going on the Dominion. After an hour's journey the chosen island was reached, when a landing was speedily effected, and with similar alacrity a ring was pitched on a suitable piece of turf, nearly a mile distant from the landing. By way of a preliminary to the principal event of the day an impromptu scrap took place between a couple of youngsters named Broderick, of St. Louis, and Jimmy Holland, of Cleveland, for a purse made up at the ring side, which the former took possession of after 21 rounds had been fought. At about half-past 1 o'clock Elliott made his appearance, and was received with cheers. He had for attendants Dan Barron and Tom Allen. Gallagher followed in a few minutes, having for esquires Johnny Mackey and Denny Monahan; his colors were green silk, with a white satin border, and a harp worked in silk in the centre, while Elliott had for his standard a plain blue kerchief, with a white border. Lacey umpired for Jimmy and Joe Parish for Gallagher, while Jim Colbert, formerly of this city, but now of Philadelphia, officiated as referee. Prior to commencing hostilities Elliott offered to bet a couple of hundred that he would win, but, (whether the friends of Charley already smelt a large sized rat or not, we cannot say), no response was made to the offer; appearances of things were certainly suggestive, to say the least. Gallagher stripped in decidedly the better condition of the two, his flesh being comparatively firm and hard, considering the short time he had devoted to preparation, while it was evident that his rival had made no attempt to get in fix, doubtless regarding it as unnecessary, for reasons obvious to all. We do not propose to enter into a detailed description of the rounds, as the event is unworthy of it. Elliott gained the first blood from a blow on the mouth in the first round, and appears to have had the best of the hitting all through, though his blows lacked that effect visible after the delivery of those of Gallagher. It was evident from the first that Elliott's superior science and knowledge of the ring gave him great advantage over his opponent, but notwithstanding this he adopted the cowardly practice of dropping as soon as an effectual hit had been landed, nor did the taunts of his manly and justly indignant opponent induce him to stand up and face the music as he ought to have done, and as a boxer of his size and skill should be ashamed to refuse to do. In the fourteenth round a charge is made that Elliott has something in his hand, but no attempt to prove or disprove the allegation is made. There have been some heavy blows delivered and received by both, and Elliott's right eye is now nearly closed, while Charley is bleeding from the nose, which is somewhat swollen, and has a slight cut in the cheek. Gallagher accuses his antagonist of gouging him in the 16th round, and in the next round the foul is repeated in a manner which leaves no doubt in the minds of the on-lookers that the charge is well founded. Gallagher and his seconds repeatedly claim "foul," but no attention is paid to the claims by the referee, for some reason. At the end of the 17th round Charley steps up to the referee and appeals to him for justice, and while he is talking, Elliott deals him a crushing blow upon the neck, which Gallagher returns, and in the clinch and wrestle the latter is under, Elliott rolling him over and making another effort to gouge. About an hour had now been consumed, and what fighting succeeded was of a scrambling character and partook of the rough-and-tumble description, the calls of Gallagher for justice being laughed at, and the scene being one of indescribable confusion. Finally after they had been at it one hour and seventeen minutes Gallagher refused to continue the mill, in which he did right, and Johnny Mackey elevated the sponge for him, saying, "there's no use; he can't win any way." Such is the account of the affair, as received by us, and we have no reason to question its correctness, save as far as it states that Colbert was compelled, in order to save his life, to render the decision he did, doing such manifest injustice to Gallagher. Those who are acquainted with Colbert know that he is not a man to be easily intimidated, and will not believe the statement that he was so; therefore the impression generally is that there was a "job" and that he was "in" with it, and he owes it to himself to clear his skirts of this foul wrong, if it is possible to do so, by explaining matters. The conduct of Elliott was most shameful, and reflects less credit upon him than did even previous affairs in which he has figured conspicuously.

LETTER FROM JEM WARD, EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

MAKING SOME STATEMENTS AND EXPLAINING OTHERS.

The subjoined communication from good, whole-souled "Old Jem Ward," received on Monday, 16th inst., requires no comment from us, and will be perused with interest by our readers:

THISLE GROVE, WEST BROMPTON, London, England.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—SIR,—Since I have now reached my native shores, and the first duty I have to perform is to return my heartfelt acknowledgements to the people of America, for the cordial and princely welcome they gave me on my short visit to their free and happy country. To which I am deeply indebted for the kind paragraphs they have, from time to time, inserted in their journals on my behalf, and I trust the publicity you will give to this letter of thanks will prove to them that I am not ungrateful or unmindful of support, or forgetful of the friendly greeting they bestowed on me as a stranger seeking the patronage of their enlightened countrymen.

A few brief words as to some paragraphs that have appeared on *ex parte* statements in the *World*, and two other papers, and I will not further trespass upon your valuable columns. I must own I have an unaccountable dread of long sea voyages, and on this account permitted many of the best years of my life to pass by without visiting America, yet before I died, a lingering desire to visit that country had half mastered my disinclination to cross the Atlantic. At length I received from Mr. Thomas Dent, of Brooklyn, repeated letters and messages, urging me to undertake the voyage, and kindly promising to me, not only the hospitality of his house, but even the use of his purse. At last, even at my extreme age, bordering on 70, thus urged, I started for the States, and it is not too much to say that while I sojourned at Mr. Dent's house, it was filled with visitors from morning till night, who welcomed me and treated me, as warm hearted Americans so well know how to do. It is true that Mr. Dent's rendezvous was scarcely the house I should have put up at, but I was resolved to do all I could, even at some inconvenience both to health and interest, to show that I was glad to be of service to him. Everything, for the first six weeks went on smoothly enough, although I considered Mr. Dent was rather too exacting upon me, for he roused me early in the day to receive his customers when I was not quite prepared to commence imbibing at so early an hour. When I arranged to go to Philadelphia, and fixed the time for my departure, to my great surprise Mr. Dent had gone out of the way, and Mrs. D. abruptly placed in my hands a bill for $45, which she required me to pay for the board and lodgings of myself and grandson. I was astonished at the demand, and asked immediately to see Mr. Dent. He could not be found and I left with him my portmanteau, containing several articles and a steel plate of my portrait, which cost me $10,000 to engrave, and seventy proof plates, which had been struck from it. He sold several of them for his own use, I understand, at three dollars each. Subsequently I positively offered him eighty dollars for my son's board and lodging, but he refused to take it, and by advice of my lawyers I left my portmanteau and contents with him and altogether repudiated his claim. Doubtless in revenge he has called upon the editors of some papers, who have listened to his story and have inserted remarks injurious to my reputation. I am accused of owing moneys to tradesmen in America for hats, boots, photographs, &c. To this I reply that I owe nothing *whatever* in America to any tradesmen, but I do resist Mr. Dent's claim upon principle. As respects my career as a *prize fighter* I refer to *history* to clear me on that point, and fortunately a new publication has just issued from the press wherein it states that I fought twenty public battles and lost two by accident. I have trespassed too far upon your kindness in this lengthened epistle, or I could explain everything. Suffice it to say that I can fairly meet any person in the ring, and return to attack my principle, with as much courage and as much success as I have met my opponents in that arena which constituted me Champion of England.

I am respectfully yours,

JAMES WARD, Ex-Champion of England.

THE GLOVES AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

JOE COBURN AND BILL CLARKE SET TO.

Never before was humanity subjected to such a packing process, within the walls of the Broadway Opera House proper, as on the evening of Saturday, 14th inst., when a special attraction was offered in the shape of an advertised set to with blacked gloves, for the space of half an hour, between Joe Coburn, ex-champion, and the jovial Prof. Bill Clarke, who had once before tested each other's skill in like fashion at Mozart Hall. It would fill a column to give the names of all the men of note in the world of sport who were present, so we won't attempt it—let it suffice to know that nearly all the leading sports of the city were there, the gathering being much more stylish in appearance and dress than is usually seen at such entertainments. About eight o'clock young Gallagher was ferreted out by the veteran Tovee, who matched him with a young fellow named Fox, the two making a neat set-to and giving a good send off to the ball. Punch Morris and a cove named McCarthy followed in a box in which favors of an earnest character were dispensed by both and each took good humoredly. They were succeeded by Johnny Drumgoole—the second time he has appeared on the metropolitan stage for a long while—and his firm friend Johnny Carman. This was a scientific engagement, reflecting credit upon each, and gaining for them "thunders of applause." They retired to make way for Pete McGinness and Ed. Touhey, who gave additional impetus to the ball now rolling merrily, each displaying to good advantage that knowledge of the art they are well known to possess. The next pair introduced were the unsquelchable "Clipper" and a new light named Ned Gaul, one of the graduates of Mickey, brother to Joseph. This was the most exciting bout of the evening, the Clipper, as usual, going in with his customary vim, and the other, who expected just such tactics, doing his best to stop him; for a time it looked as though he would succeed, too, for he plumped him heavily with the right time and again—not without receiving full return, however—and threw him very cleverly once, but the Clipper proved too much for him in the end, and evidently wanted more of it when Gaul made his obeisance. It was now announced that the contest between Clarke and Coburn would come next, and all were heartily pleased to hear it, for it was a rare close, and everybody and everything in the hall was in a melting mood. A delay of about 15 minutes' duration ensued, and when Joe and Bill did come on they were provided with gloves innocent of the expected coating of lampblack, they having objected to set-to as had been advertised, as it would have bedaubed their persons and their clothes, and the announcement of money depending upon the contest being a "blind." This did not create much disappointment, however, as all that the spectators wanted was to see the rivals in a set-to, and were anxious for them to get done with it as soon as possible. Coburn returned thanks in a neat little speech, and then shaking hands with Clarke, these clever exponents of the manual of self-defence threw themselves into artistic attitudes, and for the space of fifteen minutes treated the audience to a display of science such as but few had ever before witnessed. Both sparred with great caution, each well knowing the ability of the other, and during the time that they faced each other, but few blows were exchanged, and the verdict of the audience at the conclusion was that each was deserving of the greatest credit, and that neither had any cause to flatter himself upon his superiority over his *vis a vis*. They were loudly applauded at the close of the set-to. We were glad to see such a gathering, and are pleased to be able to state that the exhibition netted $321, the expenses being $50.

TOMMY KELLY, who fought Seddons, took a benefit at Walli's Hall, South Boston, on the 10th inst. There was a fair attendance. He wound up with Charley Humes.

WE HAVE letters for Jim Colbert and Fleury Scammell

SPORTING MATTERS IN CHILI.

LETTER FROM JACK TURNER.

As most of our readers are aware, the versatile and sociable Jack Turner, who fought Andy Gidlow, Jack Geary, Billy Dwyer and Jim Turner, has for a long time past been residing at Valparaiso, Chili, where he is now boniface of the "Hole in the Wall," located at 37 Calle Chacabuco, and at which, a card he encloses informs us, "board and lodging can be had for $6 per week, with separate rooms." As will be seen by the subjoined letter, Jack does not greatly admire the country, however, and may, ere many moons pass, be expected in the metropolis again:—

VALPARAISO, Chili, S. A., Oct. 18, 1868.

DEAR CLIPPER.—I am still in the land of the living and well, and hope this will find you the same. I have not written before for the reason that I had nothing to communicate which would be of interest to your readers. I am doing well here, but can never be contented in a country the language of which is so different from my own, from the fact that I can speak Castillano worse than any native, and hope soon to go home to New York, and never leave it again. I congratulate Billy Edwards on his good fortune, and wish to be remembered to him. There is a circus company here, bearing the title of "The R. Walker South American Circus Company." The proprietor is an old showman in the United States, and came here from California. His name is Jack Hudson, which no doubt is familiar to you; he has a fine stud of horses, one an Arabian, against which he challenges the world for beauty and carriage; he is also well trained to the feats of the arena. He has a fine company of native and foreign talent, but he does not do as well as his merits deserve, so don't send any showmen down here. We have a good sprinkling of Americans here, and on the Fourth of July had what can be called a "good time." I met here an old subscriber of the CLIPPER in the name of James Greyson, who has been my best friend, having assisted me to the business I am now in, and in various other matters. I was quite surprised to find so many fighting men in Valparaiso and so little money. I have a hall attached to my place, in which we have gymnastics, the glove, and Indian clubs. Jack Hudson's circus is going to Santiago, the capitol of Chili, next week. I will go with him and give an exhibition, if I can find a suitable person to assist me. Although I am a long way off I do not forget you, and if anything transpires here worthy of note you may rely on a report from Yours, &c.,

JACK TURNER.

A NEW ARRIVAL.—Tim Collins, of London, arrived at this port per the staamship Aragon, last week, and was made welcome by those who had known him across the seas, as well as the boys generally. Tim has a fair record, having appeared, according to Fistiana, seven times in the ring, as follows:—Beat Picket, 1h. 20m.; beat Jesse Hatton's Spider, 1h. 30m.; beat Cronin, 2 hours; beat Joe Bent, £25 a side, 87 rounds, 3h. 29m., two rings; fought a draw with Dacksm, 2h. 4m.; beaten by Jerry Hawkes, £25 a side, 22 rounds, 3h. 10m., and by Bob Jurze (who fought a draw with Bob Be Hickens), £25 a side, two rings, 59 rounds, 1h. 22m. In his fight with Bent, Collins was walked upon by O'Baldwin and Ilea. He is a likely looking young fellow, about twenty-three years of age; fights at 118 or 119 lbs., and is said to be very clever with his digits, and not averse to trying them on with anybody of his weight or within a couple of pounds of it. He should not have any trouble in finding somebody to accommodate him. It is probable that he will shortly take a benefit at 600 Broadway.

YOUNG CHEER BEATEN BY JOE GRINDLEY.—An off hand match for £5 a side, came off on Friday, Oct. 23, near Manchester, Eng., at catch weight, between Joe Grindley, of Hulme and J. Barton (alias Young Cheer) of Manchester. Both lads were ably seconded by first rate local talent, and a well known sportsman officiated as referee. Everything being completed the contendants faced each other, and rattled away right merrily with both hands for about 16 minutes, when the sponge was thrown up by Barton's seconds. The winner, who is a most promising young light-weight, has fought twice previously, viz: beat W. Fielding, £5 a side, 15 rounds, 35min, near Manchester, July 19, 1865; beaten by Tom Scattergood, £10 a side, 12 rounds, 27 min., at Saddleworth, Yorkshire, April, 23, 1867. The police interfered and another meeting was ordered for the same afternoon, and Grindley not showing, the stakes were awarded to Scattergood.

A BENEFIT FOR MAGUIRE.—The lower hall of 600 Broadway has been engaged for Monday evening, 23d inst., by the friends of Peter Maguire, now matched with Abe Hicken for the light weight championship, who will then and there make his first appeal to the sporting fraternity of the metropolis. A good bill of fare has been prepared for the occasion, and as there is a general and strong desire to see the rival of the skillful Britisher put up his hands, so that some idea may be formed of his tactics, there will undoubtedly be a large gathering to take stock of him. Maguire is also a shining light in connection with Barney Aaron, besides which, other well known artists will box the compass, and we trust the expressed intention to bar out "kids" and "slouches" will be fully carried out, for the sake of "the institution."

HUSSEY'S BENEFIT.—The fraternity will bear in mind that Saturday evening next, 21st, has been set apart for a sporting testimonial to Tim Hussey, at the Broadway Opera House, when, as one good turn deserves another, it is to be hoped the boys will turn out strong. Tim has been promised the assistance of some good men, and Johnny Dwyer, finding that his name had been placed upon the bills without his consent or desire, is said to be resolved to make it warm for Hussey, and is even willing to wager a few stamps that he makes Tim throw off the gloves. If this is the case, lively times may be looked for; so have a care, Tim.

RUMORS ABOUT MCCOOLE.—We hear it stated, apparently authoritatively, that Mike McCoole, tiring of the saloon business or finding it didn't pay well enough, has engaged as mate on board a schooner, and will shortly leave for a "cruise." Another report is to the effect that on the 7th inst., partial arrangements were made in St. Louis for a match between the bold Michael and Captain Ryall, the latter having expressed himself as favorable to testing Mac's mettle. Joe Gartner acted on Bill's behalf, and, it is said, agreed to make the match providing McCoole's friends would stake $3,000 against $2,500. There are some who think that Ryall is not unreasonable in imagining that he could get away with Mike in a twenty-four foot enclosure.

DOONEY HARRIS desires us to say that he had made arrangements to proceed to Pittsburgh with Billy Edwards at the time of the latter's late visit to that burgh, but remained behind expressly for the purpose of setting to with Hicken at his recent exhibition, which he would have done had it not been for the difficulty in which he became involved that evening. It was not any unwillingness to oblige that kept him away.

AARON JONAS' SALOON BUSINESS proved a failure in Cincinnati, and last week he gave it up. Aaron complains that the fact of his having been in the Southern army raised a prejudice against him. He was to have gone to Charleston, S. C., on a visit, and probably did, but announced his intention to return to Porkopolis, and try it again in one of the Democratic wards in the lower part of the city. He still seems to suffer from injuries received from McCoole.

ROOKE VS. KELLY.—Up to the hour of going to press we had received nothing from Tom Kelly in response to George Rooke's proposition regarding the proposed encounter between them. This is doubtless in consequence of the fact that he has scarcely had time to send a reply, as he and Reardon are now in St. Louis, but we shall, doubtless, receive a statement of his views during the current week. Rooke returned to his home and family in Providence, R. I., a few days since.

GLASGOW TO DRUMGOOLE.—We were waited upon by Young Glasgow one day last week, who stated in reference to the proposed engagement between him and Johnny Drumgoole, that he would fight the latter for a couple of hundreds a side, providing he can get backed, which he thinks he will be able to do as soon as a certain party, now out of town, returns. If anybody else will stake for him, Glasgow says he'll make his word good, and do his level best to pull it off if the match is arranged.

JOHNNY HICKEY, who it is said is now matched to fight Harry Morgan for $2,000 on the 26th proximo, took a benefit at the Olympic Varieties, Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 9th inst. J. Kelly Davis, Dick Anderson, Dan Ward, Pat Harris, Johnny Murray, Martin Gower, Dan Merritt, Jim Shay, Bill Smith and Handoff the Jew, were to assist, while the *beneficiaire* and Dan Mackey gave the wind-up. Edwin Clifford was Master of Ceremonies.

ANOTHER MATCH BETWEEN CHICAGOIANS.—The challenges and counter challenges between McAlpine and Bussy, have had the effect of stirring up the combatively inclined portion of the community in the Western metropolis, an evidence of which is afforded by the making of a match between Dick McElliott, a boarding house keeper on West Washington street, and John Bright, a bartender on the same side of the river, who are to fight for $250 a side, within fifty miles of Chicago, on the first Monday in December.

HICKEN AND MAGUIRE.—The next deposit of $250 a side in the match between Abe Hicken and Pete Maguire must be staked at this office on Monday next, 23d inst., when the toss for chance of ground will also take place.

MILL NEAR ST. LOUIS.—On Monday afternoon, 9th inst., a scrapping match took place near the Mound City, between a couple of denizens of that burgh, named Morrison and Lynch, who had a falling out. Over forty rounds had been contested, and both men badly punished, when they were separated.

BOB BRETTLE was to take a benefit in Hartford, Ct., on the night of the 16th inst., at which Harry Hill was to assist. He was to go from there to Bridgeport.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOE WORMALD, and Ned O'Baldwin, in ring costume, can be had of Wm. J. Welch, who advertises in another column.

JIMMY ELLIOTT had a benefit at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on the 9th inst., to a good house.

A FATHER'S WILL.—It was a strange instance of alleged obedience to orders in case of a father's will—a new reading as it were—which a brute of a fellow displayed in turning his younger brother out of doors. He was vociferously remonstrated with by the neighbours on the gross impropriety of such conduct. "Sure," said he, "it's the will; I am ordered to divide the house between myself and my brother; so I've taken the inside and given him the outside."

A FREENOMENON.—A man in Kentucky imitated the crowing of a cock so perfectly, and sometimes indulged in the habit so early in the morning, that upon one occasion the sun, in mistake, rose two hours before its proper time.

A DUMPLING CLOCK.—A German in New Albany, Indiana, has what he calls a "dumpling clock" in his window. On its top is a fat and jolly-looking Teuton, who holds a fork in his hand. By an ingenious contrivance the fork, at the end of each minute, dips into a dish of dumplings, and carries one of them to the mouth of the Teuton, who swallows it with a choking gurgle and a queer motion of his glass eyes.

THE TURF.

The Probable Discontinuance of the Epsom Derby.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT AMONG RACING MEN IN CONSEQUENCE—THE CAUSES—DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS—THE ROMANCE OF THE DERBY OF 1867.

The entire racing world in England are, just now, in a state of intense excitement and violent indignation in consequence of a movement now in progress, which, if successful, will have the effect of causing a discontinuance of that time-honored and world-famous race, the Epsom Derby. For upwards of eighty years that momentous event, so happily designated by Disraeli as the "Blue Riband of the Turf," has annually been celebrated, until its yearly recurrence has been regarded as certain as the advent of the month of May itself, in which it is always run. Recently circumstances have arisen which seem to make it highly probable that the Derbys of 1869 and 1870 will become void. It appears that the Derby race course, on the Epsom Downs, is owned by a Mr. Briscoe, the member of parliament for West Surrey, (who is also the Lord of the Manor of Epsom) with the exception of a narrow strip, about a quarter of a mile, which is included in the Derby course. For a great many years past this piece of land was owned by Mr. C. H. Carew, the proprietor of Walton manor, a gentleman of true sporting instincts, who for a long time allowed the grand stand proprietors to use it for nothing, but subsequently he has charged at first £50 and more recently £300, for the privilege of running over the strip of land at the spring and summer meetings. In March 1868, the estate of Mr. Carew was, by order of the Court of Chancery, sold to a Mr. Studd; but in the preceding August the Grand Stand Committee had paid Mr. Carew two years rent in advance, so that their claim to run over this portion of the course does not expire until next Aug. The new owner, Mr. Studd, repudiates this agreement, alleging that Mr. Carew had no power to sign such a document apart from his trustees, and that, therefore, it is a worthless instrument. He, therefore, makes the exorbitant claim upon the Grand Stand Committee of a yearly rent of £1,000, and an additional sum of £4,500 down, for the privilege of running over this quarter of a mile of his estate, the entire whole of which would not otherwise produce a rent of £250 per annum. Last April, the Epsom Executive wrote to Mr. Studd concerning a lease of years, offering to pay, if required, an increased rental, but for several months they received no answer. Finding the new Lord of the Manor obstinate in the matter, the committee commenced operations for marking out a fresh course, avoiding Mr. Studd's strip of turf altogether. This has given great annoyance to the latter gentleman, and he has written to the executive to say, that unless they pay him the terms he demands, he will not allow the Derby race to be run over the course; alleging also that the authorities had no right to advertise the Derby and Oaks of 1870 without first consulting him, the newly installed Lord of the Manor of Walton, and on this ground he has suddenly broken off negotiations. The result is, that at this present time a new course is actually being laid out and made at Epsom to run future Derbys over, avoiding Mr. Studd's property altogether. Curiously enough the strip of land about which there is the dispute is the only piece of ground on the whole mile and a half in which the Derby competitors are almost lost to sight in the furzes, and by running on the new course in progress of construction, the public will absolutely gain considerably, as far as the viewing the race is concerned. Next spring the committee have determined to run the City and Suburban and the Metropolitan Handicaps over the new course; but the fact remains that if Mr. Studd remains inplacable there is every prospect of the Derby and Oaks of next year and 1870 becoming void, and the turf world thrown into temporary confusion. Mr. Studd himself bears an unenviable reputation on the turf. Originally an indigo planter, in which business he realised a large fortune, on his return to England, a few years ago, he first became known on the turf as the owner of Salamander, the winner of the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase in 1866, by which coup he won £40,000 from the ring.

We learn by cable telegram that Henry Weyford Plantagenet Rawdon Hastings, Earl of Rawdon and Marquis of Hastings, so well and disreputably known on the turf as the owner of The Earl and Lady Elizabeth, and so intimately mixed up with the infamous proceedings in connection with the last Derby,

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A STORY IN RHYME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AN EMBRYO SPORT.

One day with weary feet,
I sauntered down the street,
When luck did have me meet
A girl so prim and neat,
Who looked at me so sweet,
I felt my own heart beat,
And oh, it was a treat,
Her smiling face to greet.

This girl was young and fair,
Bright eyes and flowing hair,
And with her beauty rare,
There's none that could compare.
I paxted to declare
My passion then and there,
But something cried "beware!
Fall not into a snare."

But the very next day,
As about I did stray,
I saw, coming my way,
This lovely girl so gay;
She looked as bright as May,
Around her mouth did play
Smiles like a sunny ray,
Enlivening every trait.

At last I vowed I'd try
To win this girl or die,
For her my heart did sigh,
I wished that she was nigh;
So to her I did hie,
And with appealing eye,
My suit I did imply,
In language "cut and dry."

She said, "you need not fear,
Nor shed another tear,
Although it doth appear
To me both plain and clear,
That you are rather queer,
And, (Sir! suppress that sneer,)
And never need come here,
My marriage terms are dear.

I had not got the "tin,"
And therefore could not win
This girl so neat and prim,
For money was her whim;
I then grew very thin,
And thought it was a sin,
That women should begin
To measure man by "tin."

Yet still I say with pain,
I love her just the same,
Although she changed her name,
And married Oswald Cain.
She thought she'd made a gain,
For money to her came,
But with it came much pain,
And cruel Oswald Cain,

Her beauty now has fled,
Tears night and day are shed,
She wishes she was dead,
And mourns life's brittle thread.
For money she did wed,
And now she lives in dread,
Sad heart, and aching head,
And face with grief o'erspread.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MATTIE'S STORY.

Mrs. Gaveston was not a little surprised, on the day of her brother-in-law's betrothal to Ruth Grantley, to receive a letter from Birmingham in a hand she did not know. It was brief and business like —

"BIRMINGHAM, Thursday.

"MADAM:—"I should feel very much obliged if you would favor me with the address of your late servant, Mattie Brock. I have only just returned to England from Australia, and have to-day learned that she has left your service, but have not been able to obtain her present direction. I have to communicate to her something greatly to her advantage.

"I am, madam, yours very respectfully,
"CHARLES THORNE.

"P. S.—A letter addressed to me at the General Post Office, Birmingham, will be gratefully received.

"To Mrs. Gaveston, Gaveston Hall."

"Who on earth can want poor Mattie's address?" she said, pushing the letter over to her brother-in-law. "Do you think I should answer it, Ralph?"

"It is a respectable handwriting," he replied. "I should think the writer was a— well, no, not a gentleman exactly, but a decent sort of fellow. I think I should answer it. Shall I do it for you?"

"Oh, if you please. Just a line with the address—nothing more."

Ralph Gaveston sat down and wrote, though had he known into whose hands the letter was going to fall, Mr. Charles Thorne might have waited a very long time for the information he was so anxious to obtain:—

"GAVESTON, Friday.

"Mr. C. Thorne is informed that Mattie Brock, Mrs. Gaveston's late housemaid, resides with Mrs. Eliza Simrock, 18 Elm Grove, Edgbaston Road."

The letter was duly called for and claimed, but it was Mr. Hawkes who appeared as Mr. Charles Thorne upon that occasion, and he chuckled as he saw the curious handwriting, which instinct told him at once was Ralph Gaveston's.

"He sends me the information, does he?" he said to himself. "He did not quite know what it was wanted for, or he would not have been so ready with his pen."

Mrs. Eliza Simrock's house was very easily found—one of a row of trimly-kept dwellings, assuming to entry airs and verdant graces, though becoming rapidly part of the giant town, and having factories and places of business in most uncountrified proximity. It was just the house for an elder y maiden lady—neat, and precise looking; and Mr. Hawkes, who had an eye for order, rather admired it.

"She's a *good* girl, that Mattie, I'll bet any money," he soliloquized, "or she wouldn't suit here. I shall get all she can tell me out of her in a jiffy."

He scraped his shoes carefully before he rang the bell—a proceeding by no means lost upon the mistress of the establishment, who was watching him through the blind. But Mr. Hawkes had studied well how to be "all things to all men," and never let pass an opportunity of slipping quietly, if ever so little, into the ways of those with whom he came in contact.

It was Mattie herself who opened the door, and he scanned her weather-beaten, yet honest and open face, with a great deal of interest.

"I want to see one Mattie Brock," he said, civilly. "She lives here, I think?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl in some surprise; "that's my name. I'm Mattie."

"Ah, I thought so. I've heard of you. Can I speak a few words to you, miss?"

"Mattie, who is that?" asked a somewhat querulous voice from the parlor.

"It's a person—a gentleman, who wants to speak to me, ma'am," the girl replied, turning to the door.

"To speak to *you?* I don't allow servants to have acquaintances coming about. You said you quite understood that when you came."

"If you please, ma'am, he's quite a stranger to me," she replied; and Hawkes came to the rescue, and presented himself, hat in hand, before the old lady.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," he said, "but the young woman's quite right; she don't know me, and I never saw her before to my knowledge; but I come from some friends of hers, and if I might have a few minutes' talk with her—"

"Take the person into the back parlor, Mattie," her mistress said. "I don't object for once in a way; but your friend will understand that servants' time is not their own, and visitors not always convenient."

"Quite so, ma'am," Mr. Hawkes said, with a bow; and followed Mattie to a neat little room, where they could talk without any interruption.

"That old lady would not have been so ready to let me talk with any servant of hers if she had known who I was," he thought to himself. "She's just the sort that the very name of a detective would frighten into fits."

Alone with the object of his search, he shut the door and confronted her.

"I'm a detective officer, my girl," he said, "and I want to ask you a few questions."

He was hardly prepared for the effect of his words. Poor Mattie turned deadly pale, and trembled so she could scarcely stand. All her old, wild, lawless life, seemed to rise before her, and the many terrible reasons that she and her degraded companions had, for dreading any officer of the law, came before her like a terrible vision. She could only think that this stranger had come to seek her about something connected with those dreadful but unforgotten times, and she shivered and shook as though with an ague fit. The officer saw the terror he had inspired, and hastened to reassure her.

"Don't you be frightened," soothingly said the detective officer to Mattie, "it is not come about any harm to you. I know all about you, more than you think—all about the old times in Australia, and how you were helped home. I know that you are a good, honest girl now. I'm right in that, ain't I?"

"*Trying* to be, heaven knows!" she replied. "Oh, sir, you've given me a fright."

"I didn't mean to, though I might have thought of that. Just you answer me straightforward what I want to know, and we shall get on very well. Where's the young woman you bought this paper for?"

If Mattie had been astonished at receiving a visitor, she was still more amazed at seeing him produce a letter from his pocket and question her concerning it. She knew the paper at once; but this strange man, how did he come by it?

"That paper? Why, I'm afraid I've scarce knew what."

"Yes. You bought it at Mr. Bethune's, you know, two or three days ago—the day after the little lad died at Gaveston Hall yonder. A young fellow served you—an apprentice, or somet ing of that sort."

Mattie stared at him, utterly unable to speak. All the tales she had ever heard in the old days about the almost supernatural knowledge of the police came in o her mind, and she grew thoroughly frightened. Here was a man, a stranger, who seemed to know all she did, even to a trivial purchase of a few sheets of letter paper.

"It was no harm, sir," she said, turning very pale. "I was doing no wrong. I —"

"Of course you were not, my dear; we know that very well. We want to find the person who wrote this letter, and we could only trace her through the paper. Now, I believe it is one of the sheets you bought; why I think so I shall tell some day, perhaps. Now, be a sensible girl, and tell us who you bought it for."

"I'm sure it's no secret," Mattie answered, much relieved; "but it frightened me, sir, to think you knew all about me. I always was frightened at the thought of the police."

"Ah, but times are changed now. A good, honest girl has no need to be afraid of us, and that's the character we have of Mattie Brock now-a-days."

He marked the pleased sparkle of the eye with which she heard his words. It was so pleasant to her to be called good and honest, poor girl.

"I don't know anything about the lady," she said. "She went away from Birmingham the next morning, and I've never heard anything about her since; but I met her in an odd way."

"Ah! How?"

"I was out for the day, sir—missus is very good to us that way—spending a holiday with a woman who used to come to the Hall, sometimes, sewing. Mary French her name is."

"Ah; where does she live?"

"Down by the Bull Ring, sir; 156 Bromsgrove street."

Out came Mr. Hawkes' pocket book, and down went Mary French's address.

"Go on," he said, shortly.

"We were standing by the door, towards five o'clock in the afternoon, or thereabouts, and a lady came up. She was very nicely dressed—not *fashionably*, but well—but her clothes looked thumbed, and her face and hair seemed as though she had been wandering about without rest for a long time. We stared pretty hard at her, I dare say, for she was oddly—far off looking, and she asked us for a drink of water, and might she sit down a minute? We took her in, and gave her a chair, and when she'd rested a bit she said, 'Did we know of any decent body who would give her a bed for the night. I can pay,' she said. 'I only want a quiet room where I can rest till morning; then I am going away from this part of the country forever.' Mary French had a little room, and could let it, but she felt strange about taking a person in in that queer way, and she looked at me and said, 'What do you think, Mattie?' When the lady heard my name she started up, and looked me full in the face and said, 'Mattie! Are you Mattie Brock?' 'Yes,' I said. 'I know you from description,' she said. 'I've heard about you. I could tell you a secret—one you'd be glad to know. I know why Mr. Gaveston wouldn't see you, and had you turned out for his convenience! but don't blame him—Ralph Gaveston would not. Oh, heaven help me, what am I saying!' and with that she broke down, and cried as though her very heart was breaking."

"Ay, poor soul, she had good reason," said Mr. Hawkes. "Well, Mattie, go on."

"We thought that she was mad at first, but the crying seemed to do her good, for she soon grew quiet. 'If you could get me a decent bed,' she said, 'I can pay well for it,' and she pulled out her purse, and her handkerchief with it."

"Was it marked?"

"Yes, sir; it was marked 'M. Dale,' and I wondered very much who she could be that knew me so well, for I had never seen her, to my knowledge, but we found out afterwards that she had been at Gaveston, and I suppose she heard of me there."

"Then you lodged her?"

"Mary French did, sir; and I fetched in that paper for her when I went out on some business, and she wrote a letter, and I posted it for her when I was coming home at night; and that's all I know about her, except that Mary told me that she went away the next morning very quiet and different altogether to what she had been the night before."

"And what was the direction on the letter, do you remember?"

"Yes, sir; 'George Dale at the Gaveston Arms.'"

"I must go and see Mary French. This poor lady is George Dale's wife, and he is in sore trouble at having lost her. You have helped us on a good deal, I hope and believe."

"But I have done no harm to *her*, have I? She seemed such a nice creature, only in sore grief."

"No harm, Mattie; only much good, I trust. Mrs. Dale must be found, for many reasons. Her presence will help to clear up a great mystery, and when that is done you will know why you did not stay at the Hall."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"FIRE!"

Mr. Hawkes went back to George Dale after his interview with Mattie, feeling, truth to say, very hopeful. He had found out that the missing lady had actually slept in Birmingham the night after her departure from Gaveston, and he doubted not that he should be able to trace her further. Mary French gave him a good deal of information. She had been a little curious to see where the lady went when she left her house, and had followed her to a cab-stand, where she took a cab, the driver of which she knew slightly. Beyond this she could tell nothing; but the man being found, remembered his fare very well. "Had got her ticket for her at the station," he said.

"Did he where for?" asked Mr. Dale, who was present at the interview, regardless of the detective's signs to him to be quiet. "Do you remember where it was for?"

"Oh, yes, sir, quite well; because, you see, I thought it was pretty far to be going all alone and without luggage. It was a third-class ticket to Edinburgh as I got for her."

"To Edinburgh?"

"Yes, sir. She seemed confused and frightened like, and gave me my full fare without ever a word, and I was glad to help her a bit. It was to Edinburgh, for I remember wondering whether she had friends there, for she wasn't a Scotch woman herself, I think."

"Oh, no. And did she go? Are you sure of it?"

"Quite, sir. We were only just in time. I saw her get into a carriage, and the train moved off directly."

"Then we must go to Scotland, Hawkes. My poor darling! What can she do all by herself in Edinburgh?"

"She may not be there."

"Not there! You heard what the man said."

"Yes. She may only have taken that ticket for a blind, and not have gone the whole journey."

Detective Hawkes was right. As far as Carlisle they tracked Mrs. Dale, and then she vanished one more as entirely as though she had never been found at all. The guard of the train remembered her getting out there; but it appeared she never returned, and all trace of her was lost. No ticket issued at Birmingham had reached Edinburgh at the time corresponding with her departure, and they were at fault again.

George Dale advertised in every North country paper, and rushed frantically off to Scotland to continue his search in person, while Mr. Hawkes did all that a detective could do in Carlisle and the neighborhood, but in vain. The keenest search failed to give them any satisfaction, and it seemed as if she had vanished out of the world. And all this time Ralph Gaveston was wooing pretty Ruth Grantley and making preparations—very quiet ones, it is true—for bringing home a bride to Gaveston Hall. He told no one of his design when he set off to visit Limping Jack on the receipt of his letter; there was no one whom it could particularly concern. Some of his cares of trouble seemed to be passing over with the time which had slipped away since the memorable day of his little nephew's death. Mrs. Dale had never reappeared, and her husband had taken himself off; Alice, with her hysterical fancies, was gone, too; and Limping Jack was—well, not quite disposed of, but soon would be. There only remained Dan the Devil, who was likely to prove actively troublesome, and he had been quieted for the present, and should have further inducements still to hold his tongue. Altogether, things were a little more comfortable than they had been.

The squire left a little note for Mrs. Grantley, telling her that sudden business called him away, but that he trusted to be back in two days at farthest; and, without taking any luggage, went his way to Coventry, taking the train there to Sheffield. Why he took that particular way to get to a town near Manchester, was best known to himself; probably he had business there also. He timed his arrival at Newton Bridge so as to make it after dark, though it was summer, and made straight for the little inn from where Jack had written.

"Of course, he could have a bed," the landlady said; "only a humble one, for theirs was a poor sort of place for gentlefolks; but if he could put up with it for a night—"

"Oh, certainly," he replied, courteously. "All I want is accommodation till the morning; indeed, my sole business here is to see a gentleman at present in he house—Mr. James Brown. Is he in?"

"Oh, Mr. Brown—the lame party with the dog. Yes, he's in, sir; but he's gone to bed, I believe."

"To bed? It is early yet"

"He said he was used to going early, and he has never been out beyond nine or half past. He seems but a weakly body. Will you please to take supper, sir?"

"No, I thank you. A glass of brandy and water—nothing more; and show me to my room, if you please."

Up stairs, Mr. Gaveston remarked upon the peculiar style of the house. It was very old, with a great deal of wood about it—rough, dry and splintery—and the doors were clumsy and ill-fitting.

"Which is Mr. Brown's room?" he asked.

"This, sir," she replied, pointing to one of a row of four doors, "and yours is next it—the only one we have vacant."

Mr. Gaveston expressed himself much pleased with his chamber. Though small, it was clean and comfortable; and he shut himself in and sat down to think.

"In the next room, is he?" he said to himself. "I wonder if he feels quite safe now."

He went into the passage and listened. Yes, Jack was there; he could hear his heavy breathing distinctly; and he heard a low growl also, which showed that Wolf was a sharer of his master's apartment.

"The key *outside*," he said. "Ah, it's *locked* inside. I couldn't get in to talk to my friend, Mr. Brown, if I wished to. Never mind; I'll take care he's to the fore if I want him."

He turned the key in the lock as silently as he could, and then, after a moment's pause, gave it another wrench, hampering the bolt most successfully, and crept back to his own room. For two hours more all was still in the little inn and through the quiet village—nothing save the passing of occasional trains, for Newton Bridge is on a busy line of railway, disturbed the usual quiet; but at the end of that time the inhabitants of the house started up and shook her husband out of his sleep.

"Get up," she said. "There is something wrong. I smell smoke!"

Smell it! the room was full of it—they could hardly breathe, and the crackling of burning wood could be distinctly heard. Screaming "Fire!" they rushed out of their room to meet all the inmates of the house, alarmed like themselves, running about in breathless terror.

"It's in Mr. Brown's room," the landlady said; and a red light could be seen, growing redder and broader every moment. In vain they knocked and called; no answer came, nor could they get in at the door. Ralph Gaveston was aroused by the turmoil and came out bewild red and alarmed at the strange hubbub.

"What is it? What has happened?" he asked; and for answer they pointed to the door and said, "Fire!"

"Good Heaven is Brown in there? Burst the door some one. Get a poker and try with that."

They put their united strength to it, and it yielded, the wood round the lock giving way, but the flames burst out upon them as it opened, and showed them the room a mass of seething fire. Limping Jack was there, he could not be alive, and they looked on, appalled in their horror. The flames send the old wood work of the passage and made their way into the room Mr. Gaveston had occupied, and all their efforts failed to subdue them. The little, old-fashioned inn was doomed, and to save their lives and what little property they could was the utmost they were able to do. Ralph Gaveston would have rushed into the burning room to try and save the occupant but he must been proved by those about him; as it was he had a narrow escape, only getting out of the burning house just in time. The cause of the fire was not known, but drawn together by a great crowd, and various were the opinions of those present as to the origin of the catastrophe. The most general seemed to be that the unfortunate visitor to the inn had been smoking in bed (the village had discovered that he was a addicted to tobacco), and so set fire to the drapery. Mr. Gaveston was quite willing to tell all he knew about him and to show the letter which had brought him so many miles only to be a fellow sufferer in such a calamity. He was most kind and liberal, insisting on paying for the room of which he had been so strangely deprived, and offering to assist the landlord, if he needed it, with money or accommodations for the future. He was so glad to hear that the loss would be nearly covered by insurance, and took up his quarters in the house of a widow, hard by, till they should be able to search for the body of the poor man who had met his death so shockingly. The search was duly made, but the destruction had been complete—not a trace of Jack's presence or Wolf's shaggy hide was to be found among the *debris*. Mr. Gaveston expressed his regret at the circumstance. He should like to have seen the poor fellow decently buried, he said; he had been an acquaintance of his in America. If he had intended his visit to Limping Jack to be a secret one, he had apparently altered his mind now, for he gave his name and address with the greatest openness, and paid liberally for all the search that was made for the body of the only sufferer by the disaster.

"Poor fellow! he must have been suffocated very soon," he said to the head of the small police staff. "I dare say he was sleeping soundly, too. People that had the out of door life that he did generally sleep heavily. I wonder how the fire came about."

"Smoking, I expect, sir," the man replied, gazing at the heap of black ruins. "The party as is lost had a pipe in his mouth a'most always. He seemed a quiet body—never spoke to any one. Many folks wondered what a stranger like him could want in a place like this—out of the world, as a body might say."

"I think I know his motive for seeking a quiet place, though why he chose this particular village I don't know. He'd lately come to some money and was out of health. I did not know where he was till I heard from him the other day, and I wanted to see him; I came from Manchester on purpose. How strangely things happen; if I had had him called up, poor fellow, to see me, this would not have occurred. So he never talked much of himself, eh?"

"No, sir; there was no pumping him. He was an uncommon close sort of chap."

"Ah, well, there'll be no more pumping him any more. I shall go back to Manchester in the morning. I don't see what I can do here now. I shall leave an address in case anything should transpire."

"I don't see what can, sir. It is a very queer thing that we haven't come upon any trace of him or the dog either. Do you think it possible that they could have got off in any way?"

"Quite impossible—*impossible*, I say," Ralph Gaveston said, vehemently, while his face turned ashy white. "Why, I—"

He stopped himself just in time; in another moment he would have spoken a sentence which would have let a new light in upon the matter entirely, and made the policeman regard him something more than the open handed, liberal gentleman he had hitherto appeared.

"That is," he went on, "he could not have escaped. The room, when we burst it open, was one mass of flame and smoke, and the window was shut. We could not reach the bed; he must have been dead then."

They parted, and Squire Gaveston returned to the lodging he had taken, inwardly cursing himself for a fool as he walked.

"Am I mad?" he muttered, "that I should always be within an ace of betraying myself like this. Another word, and that wooden headed dolt yonder would have had his hand on my collar and finished my career by discovering—what? Pshaw! Am I not one step nearer safety by that bonfire yonder? Let me always remember this."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MEETING.

To write a letter to Ruth Grantley was Mr. Gaveston's work that evening. He had altered his purpose of making his journey and visit to Jack a secret, and prepared himself to send his lady love a most innocent and ingenious epistle:—

"NEWTON BRIDGE, NEAR MANCHESTER,
"August 12, 18—.

"MY DEAR RUTHIE.—You will wonder when you see the address at the head of this letter, as you have already wondered, I dare say, at my sudden departure, without any explanations. I set off on a business journey, dear, intending to keep the object of it a secret, and took a long, roundabout way to get to the end of it.

"The fact is, my bride, I came to this outlandish place to see the man whose appearance startled us so much in the park, the evening when—ah! you remember when, don't you?

"He is, or was, rather, likely to prove a nuisance, having in his possession certain articles which were mine, over in our nigger Colony out yonder. We were a rough set, Ruth, dear, and our lives were such as would not bear investigation by a committee of ladies. Well, he held sundry letters and papers which related to various wild deeds of mine in the past, and I was, as you may suppose, anxious to get them.

"He was exortionate in his demands, but I complied with them, and he wrote me to meet him here. I came, as you know; but only it appears, to escape almost by a miracle, from a fearful death.

"He was gone (or from I arrived, and I could not have him disturbed (if I had it would have been different), and in the middle of the night a terrible fire broke out and the house was burnt to the ground. It originated in his room, and before we could open the door, for it was fastened on the inside, the flames were spreading to the rest of the house.

"They suppose that he was smoking in bed and so set it on fire, but that will never be known. Poor fellow, he has perished in the fire, and the rest of us only just escaped.

"All this happened only the night before last, and I have been very busy and excited since, helping and superintending the search for the body which has hitherto proved unsuccessful. I do hope that no garbled account of the affair, containing my name, has reached you in any paper. Of course, I made known at once who I was, and those newspaper fellows are so fond of making a great story about nothing. I am safe and well, my own darling, and in two days from this I shall be with you again.

"Don't say anything, except to Sir John, about my visiting the poor fellow that's gone. I am quite ready to open my past life to him or to you, but I don't hold it to be any one else's business. This is the last journey I shall take from Gaveston till my wife is by my side, and we go off to see some of those European countries which will be so new and strange to me. Ah! Ruthie, I'm weary, as the Scotch say, for a sight of you already. Take all the love this prayer can convey, and believe me, Your own true RALPH."

"To Miss Grantley, Beech Grove, Worcestershire."

He read it carefully over when he had done, and contemplated his performance with satisfaction.

"Not a word there that can do any mischief," he said; "not a word that any one can prove to be false, either. My little darling will never believe anything but what is good of me, nor her father either. Now to post it, and then off to Manchester by the first train to-morrow."

The way to the little village post office led him through two or three railway arches, Newton being literally covered with railway bridges, along which trains are continually running in one direction or another, and it was dark when he sallied forth, letter in hand. Picking his way carefully along the rough pathway, he reached a dark arch through which he had to pass, and in the middle of it he ran against some one cautiously coming through from the other side. He made a hasty apology, and stepped back a pace to find himself face to face with George Dale's missing wife. There was no mistake; she looked pale, thin and careworn, and the dark clothing she had on was poor and worn, but it was herself without a doubt. The light of a lamp behind him shone full upon her face, and showed her gazing at him with terrified eyes, while he turned sick and faint and leaned against the damp, oozy wall in shivering horror.

"You here?" he gasped, after a pause; "how came you in this place?"

"All places are alike to me," she said, bitterly, "so it is not the one that holds you. Could you not let me be at peace in the obscurity I sought? Are you not satisfied yet, Squire Gaveston? You have broken my heart, ruined my life, made me wring the very soul of the man I love; do you hear me?—love!—with shame and misery; can you not let me be without seeking to do me further wrong? I can do no more, unless I seek a revenge from you in my grave!"

"I wish you would," was the thought in Ralph Gaveston's heart, as he looked at her, but he did not utter it.

"I did not seek you, Mr.——, that is, Mrs. Dale."

"Oh! not that name from you," she said, in a voice of agony.

"Well, Mrs. Bennett, if you like it better, then; I came here to see a very different person. You are free from any interference of mine, and I think you are a fool for leaving your doting booby of a husband in the way you did. The secret is yours and mine, and if we choose to keep it——"

"Are you man or devil? You cannot be human, to propose such a thing to me. George Dale is a good man and an honorable one; and not for a life long happiness would I do him this awful wrong."

"But you would do me one without scruple, most conscientious lady. You wouldn't mind doing me a mischief, I dare say."

"I'll do nothing. What good would it be to me to tell all I know about Ralph Gaveston, Esq.? I'll never harm you by word or deed, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you marry. Don't do that. I heard a whisper of such a thing, but see you don't make it truth."

"And why should I not? Is not the master of Gaveston free to act as he pleases, and marry whom he will?"

"He had better not. Look here, Ralph Gaveston, if ever the pretty girl I hear so much talk of stands by your side at the altar, I will be there as surely as——"

"As what?"

"As yonder heap of ruins is your work," she replied, pointing towards the village. "I know you, and I can guess part of your visit here. That lame man knew more about you than you would like the world to know. I've seen him before. You didn't know that, did you? And you thought to rid the world of him and his secret by one grand stroke; take care it has not failed, that's all."

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. Good night, and for the future, beware. Good-bye until your wedding day, Mr. Ralph Gaveston."

She glided swiftly away before him, and he lost her in the darkness. Doubtless she knew the road and had turned up some bye path; at all events she was gone, and he had to go on his way cogitating what she had said as best he might.

"Be at his wedding!"

No, that she never should. He would have the affair got over quite privately, as soon as possible, and then take his pretty bride to the Continent for a year or two. He should lose her for years. Why should they tie themselves down to dismal old Gaveston? No; he would go away and forget that such a person as Mrs. Dale ever existed.

Arrived at the little shop that did duty as post-office and many other things besides, he dropped his letter into the box, and was turning away when he was startled by a sentence which fell from the lips of a woman standing inside.

The worthy proprietress of the establishment dearly loved a gossip, and to-night she seemed in the full tide of enjoyment. Two or three women stood in the little shop, and in their midst one of the *employees* from the railway station; they were all talking eagerly and volubly, and Mr. Gaveston could not help standing in the shade and listening.

"Then he wasn't killed, after all?" one of the women said inquiringly.

"No a bit of it. I tell you he went with me to Manchester on the twelve o'clock goods, as well as I am at this minute."

The heart of the pale listener outside almost stopped beating as he strained his ear to catch the next sentence. Who could they be talking of? Perhaps his fears were deceiving him, and their words alluded to some one else. Alas! he found all true too soon.

"Why, they've been digging and hunting for him in the ruins ever since," said the mistress of the shop, indignantly. "To think of his going off like that, in that deceiving sort of way, and giving the good gentleman as came here to see him so much trouble."

"What good gentleman? I've been off on leave ever since that night, and I've only heard just now of the fire, and how the folks thought he was dead."

"Why, a gentleman as came here on purpose to see him—a real gent he is, too; kind-hearted, and free with his money—he would have given anything to have found him, and buried him decent, he said."

"Well, he may find him; but he won't bury him, that's certain. It's a queer affair; he seemed to me as though he was running away from some one he was mortal feared on. Could it be this man you speak of, I wonder?"

"Oh, tell us all about it!" the women shouted, and the man, nothing loth, and stimulated thereto by a glass of gin, promptly administered by the Lady of the house, proceeded with his story, while Ralph Gaveston listened outside with sick terror at his guilty heart.

"It was nigh upon twelve o'clock," he said, "and I was at the station yonder waiting to take in the goods from the south, and I see this man come up. He was lame, you know, and I'd had one or two bits of chat with him. He was a quiet sort of fellow; he had his hand on the big dog's collar, and the brute seemed to know there was something up, for it kept as still as death. The man looked all white and thorter, and he told all he could to run. Says I, 'What's up?' 'Are you going anywhere to-night?' says he. I said I was, and then he said, 'Could I take him with me a bit by way—anywhere out of this place—it didn't matter where; half a dozen miles would do, so he got away. This life wasn't safe here and he didn't owe anything in the place.' I thought it was a queer start, but he looked awfully ill and terrified, and I thought there could be no great harm in letting him into an empty truck, so I did, and he went to Manchester, and for aught I know he's there yet."

"Then he couldn't have been a raid of the gentleman," one of the women remarked, "for he never saw him; I was up at the inn that night, and he was gone to bed, and the gentleman went to bed, too, and nothing more was heard till the fire broke out."

"Well, he was frightened at something," the man replied; "there was no mistake about that, for he said to me, 'You've helped to save my life, my friend, and offered me some money. I didn't take it, but we had a sup of drink together before we parted.'

So Limping Jack was not dead, and Ralph Gaveston had striven to stain his son with murder in vain! He was at large, and now with suspicion and revenge in his heart, which had no place there before. He would be doubly dangerous now. And would most likely use the terrible proofs he held when ever his passion prompted or his empty pockets admonished him to do so. The squire must go back to his sumptuous home with a greater millstone than ever about his neck, and feel that the thread which held the Damocles' sword over his head was thinner than ever, instead of being made taut and firm by his hurried journey. He shivered as he crept away from his hiding place, for it seemed to him as though Gaveston and all that he had perilled so much to win were slipping from his grasp and leaving him with a halter round his neck, only waiting the hand of Limping Jack to tighten it into the noose of the hangman.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.—In Dr. Alfred Booth's "Reminiscences of Springfield," occurs this account of Deacon John Hitchcock:—"Born in 1722 in the North Main street region, he moved, while a young man, into the eastern part of the town, now known as South Wilbraham, married in 1743, and was the first deacon of the church there, continuing in office many years. He is well remembered by Hon. Oh ar B. Morris, as occupying the deacon's seat at meetings, his whitened locks giving him quite a venerable appearance. During a long life he was of wonderful strength, agility and endurance, and, had he lived in the palmy days of Greece, he would have been a worthy competitor in the games of those days. It is related of him that on one occasion a man riding by the field where he was at work, and hearing of the speed of his horse, was challenged by the deacon, who raced on foot on Springfield quicker on foot than the horse with his rider could. The test resulted in the triumph of the deacon; distance ten miles; time not stated. He would lift a cartload of hay by getting his shoulders under the axle, in a stooping posture, and throw an empty cart over with one hand by taking hold of the end of the axletree. When loading grain in a cart he would take a bag by the toe in, and with a swing and the aid of a push from the knee, throw it into the cart. He had double teeth in front, and would hold a tenpenny nail by them and break it off with his fingers. He used to say he did not know a man he could not whip or run away from! The day he was seventy years old he remarked to his wife that when they were first married he was went to amuse her by tacing down his hat with his toes, and added—'I wonder if I could do it now?' Thereupon he jumped from the floor, took off the hat with his toes, came down on his feet like a cat, hung up the hat on the nail, turned to the table, asked a blessing and one of the repast then ready.'

STURDY STETSONS.—A creditable longevity in the Stetson family at Durham, Mass., is noted:—They are six brothers, Elisha Sutton, 80 years old; Stephen, 77; Isaac, 75; David, 70; Charles, 66, and Nathaniel 64. This gives an aggregate age for the six of 432 years, or an average of 72 years. All are well. They were all born in Durham. Their father lived to be 88 years old, and their mother 99 years.

THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY O. U. SCHAMP.

Thou art gone from my gaze
Like a thing of the past;
Like a dream full of brightness
Too gorgeous to last;
Thou art gone from my gaze
Like a star that has shot
Across the blue heavens, Like ——
I don't know what!

Thou art gone from my gaze,
Yes, just after I lent
To your knits twenty dollars;
In darkness you went.
Thou are gone from my gaze
O, alas and alack!
And the worst of the whole is
You'll never come back.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 31.—Some of the "Fancy."

I do not know whether it may be regarded as a stroke of good fortune, but, during the course of my wanderings, I have had the pleasure, if it may be so called, to have fallen in, not only with the more distinguished pugilistic champions, but with the most remarkable members of the prize ring. I know not what is the cause, but an American appears afflicted with a morbid craving after the sight of notorieties, and it matters little in the gratification of his passion whether he casts his eyes upon Queen Victoria, the Countess of Blessington, or Tom Cribb, as it appears that all come under the same category of celebrities with the general multitude. Possibly, our nature being of an inquisitive turn of mind, we conceive it our duty to gratify a sentiment of hero worship, which takes its rise in our maxims of republicanism. And I must admit that, with the prevailing enthusiasm of twenty-five years ago in favor of the prize ring, a natural preference was given to professors over other claimants to ephemeral notoriety for curiosity, once evoked, rarely suffers itself to be stilled without attaining the object upon which our attention has been riveted.

I have before alluded to the pugilistic mania, which ruled supreme and to the extinction of all other popular excitements after the public appearance of Ben. Caunt in various of our leading cities, and the consequent rebirth of a passion for the ring which had long lain dormant with our people. I am frank enough to admit thorough inoculation with the reigning epidemic, for, in common with other men of my youth and leisure, I had enjoyed the advantages of Fuller and Ottignon's instructions, and was, therefore, more inclined to participate in the honors due the fancy, as well as to test visually practical demonstrations of the value of my theoretical learning.

In the fall of 1845 I chanced to be a passenger on board of the good ship Sheridan, then one of the most popular of the Liverpool liners. She was commanded by a Captain Cornish, an excellent seaman, who, in addition to his other good qualities, traveled upon his muscle, as the experience of his mates and the records of the quarters must palpably demonstrated. The captain was a devoted disciple of the manly art, with science to such a degree that few, if any, of the professional bruisers could stand before him in a sparring mill.

The Sheridan reached Liverpool on a Sunday, and of course was compelled to lay in the stream until the next day before reaching the docks, after which operation our traps could be mal reated at the Custom House, for no work of indecorum can equal the official examination of a traveler's effects at this revenue department. Liverpool is at the best a lifeless town; cold, chilling and repulsive to one accustomed to the busy scenes of the western metropolis, but upon Sunday it is a perfect necropolis, a city of the dead, without the first evidence of activity or animation. So, after wandering about the town, inspecting the exterior of its inhabited tombs, we dined at the Adelphi, a worthy receiving vault in this immense dormitory, and after dinner the captain and I started out to rid ourselves, if possible, of the gloom in which we found ourselves suddenly engulphed. It was a joyous relief to escape anywhere from the formal coffee room of the hotel, with its waxed floors, partitions and glum-looking pigeon holes, true to his sporting instincts, my worthy navigator led the way to the hostelrie of Jem Ward, ex-champion of England. I think it was called the Star Hotel, situated opposite the Royal Liver Theatre, in Williamson Square.

We found Jem Ward in a cosy parlor, encircled by a number of professional ring fighters, for, as there had been a display of the muscular sons adhere near the Scottish border, the attendants at the scene to interchange opinions as to the result of the interesting contest was large. As all happened to be partisans of the one side or the other, in this case, chanced to be victorious, no very strong differences of opinion existed as to the general result of the combat, while each professional found a deal of fault in detail as to the manner in which the affair had been accomplished. Among the crowd was Johnny Walker, then at the climax of his popularity, whose opinions were not only Bunstian, but delivered with an oracular intonation of voice, showing him a veritable Nestor in ring matters. Walker subsequently came to this country, and attempted to flourish as a pubican, both in this city and Philadelphia, but from a want of knowledge of the American character and a stiff adherence to his innate British prejudices, he utterly failed of success.

I found Jem Ward quite a respectable and agreeable personage, who, upon learning that I was an American given to an admiration of field sports, ventured upon a narration of many interesting incidents and souvenirs of his experience in the prize ring, taking especial care to draw a distinction between the times when he officiated as champion and the present condition of the profession. Indeed, the tenor of his remarks led me to suppose that he had wearied of a connection with the arena, particularly when, calling our attention to several well executed portraits, he somewhat enthusiastically alluded to the fact that he had attained considerable reputation as an amateur painter, a profession he designed to cultivate assiduously.

I must confess that the style, manner, personal appearance, and conversation of the champion, and of a majority of his guests, were sufficient to disabuse an unprejudiced mind from the erroneous associations attached to the boxer by vulgar imputations. And hence I quitted the Star in a degree pleased that all members of the prize ring were not to be judged by the imported specimens of humanity exhibited upon American soil.

Lounging about London with a friend connected with the sporting press of that ilk, he by chance led me along the broad thoroughfare, a portion of which is designated High Holborn, when suddenly entering that which appeared to be an ale house of a better order, he proceeded to inform me that I was now standing within the Castle Tavern. Finding me wholly unmoved by so startling an announcement my companion, after exchanging mysterious signs with a good looking barmaid and a slovenly costumed waiter, conducted me to the rear of the public saloon, and ushered me into a little narrow room, plenteously garnished with round tables, and whose walls were thickly covered with colored engravings, of more or less evident antiquity. Then my conductor whispered confidentially in my ear that this was "the champion's parlor," and I became aware that I had been admitted, by stress of courtesy, within that sanctum devoted to pugilistic memories so graphically described by the elder Pierce Egan. Luckily the proprietor of the parlor chanced to be enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* within its classic precincts, otherwise I would have been deprived of the honor of shaking hands with Tom Spring, whose real name, by the way, happens to be Winter.

If Jem Ward had created with me a favorable impression, the appearance of Tom Spring at once prejudiced me in his behalf. Although powerful and muscular, for Tom had maintained his age in wonderful conservation, the frame of Spring was compact and agile, giving him at a first glance the air of a hearty yeoman farmer. His countenance was pleasant, and his entire demeanor calculated to impress a stranger with a feeling of wonderment that one apparently the most gentle and humane of his species could have endured the physical trials imposed upon him during his pugilistic career, which, in truth, was the truth, was

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 7.—The Illustrated Press.

It is related that when an unsophisticated personage was asked as to the invention of wood engravings, he replied that he believed the inventor to be Charles Knight, thus paying homage to the genius of the publisher of the *Penny Magazine*, the first London publication, for general circulation, wherein this long dormant art was applied for illustrating cheap publications. The capability of wood engraving to reproduce artistic drawings and sketches, notwithstanding its frequent use in serial publications, had long been questioned, and it was chiefly through Mr. Knight's energy and enterprise that its almost universal adoption has been brought about, both in England and in this country. All of this gentleman's publications, and notably his Shakespeare and History of England, demonstrated that, with competent workmen, wood engraving was susceptible of conveying the idea of an artist quite as effectively as the more labored and expensive method of engraving upon copper and steel, with the additional advantage that impressions from wood cuts can be worked off simultaneously with the letter press, both presenting raised surfaces, while those from plates require separate manipulation and upon a totally different species of press.

To the projectors of the *Illustrated London News*, (which, by the way, is a specimen of bad grammar, as it should read correctly *London Illustrated News*), the world is indebted for the first successful application of wood engraving for the illustration of current news, a pleasing improvement upon the ordinary method of issuing a newspaper, which has been imitated in almost every civilized country, to the exclusion of lithography, which had been, up to that time, the most economical and ready means of paper illustration as yet devised. Before the appearance of the *News*, the only illustrated paper of notoriety was the *Charivari*, of Paris, whose deftly caricatures were drawn upon stone, to which style of engraving it adheres to the present day, notwithstanding that its London rival, *Punch*, by the adoption of wood cuts, can work off profitably a dozen copies to the cost of the *Charivari's* single one.

The *Illustrated London News* was not the result of a predetermined enterprise, but simply that of a business adventure. It was originally issued by the proprietors of a patent medicine—Parr's Life Pills—with a view of advertising those lucubrated articles of trade, if not of consumption. The projectors of the scheme sagaciously concluded that, while the novelty of the illustrated sheet would attract universal attention, any loss they might incur in its publication would be compensated by profits arising from sale of the pills. But experience demonstrated that these ingenious calculators had reversed the real state of the case, for the public showed themselves perfectly willing to take the paper while rejecting the medicinal compounds—so ultimately the *Illustrated News* swallowed up the pills and left Old Parr upon the hands of some other admirer of longevity.

As a matter of course the new paper soon found its way to America, where it was as heartily received as by the British public, so much so that a son of one of the proprietors was sent to this country for the express purpose of establishing a transAtlantic agency, which was placed beneath the supervision of William F. Brough, the vocalist, so well known to the community at large from his vocal abilities, and the sporting circle particularly for his "diamond grained gunpowder." But the "merchant vocalis'," as Brough delighted to be styled, made but a sorry news vender, notwithstanding the popularity of the article he dealt in, for he retired in disgust and transferred the business to Wilmer & Rogers, who, possessed no vocal capabilities, but a thorough knowledge of the newspaper trade.

The first American illustrated paper was published in this city by Thomas W. Strong, the engraver and publisher, of Nassau street, who, to do honor to our metropolitan art, undertook to produce a sheet which might stand a comparatively favorable comparison at least with the now famous London original. He went about the work with unexampled energy, and after a month or so of preparation produced the initial number of the *American Illustrated News*, which came out in a most creditable style of typography, but upon a sheet only one half the size of the London paper. Few persons can imagine the numerous difficulties the enterprising Strong encountered in his patriotic task, for he was vain enough to believe that the honor and dignity of our country demanded that we should not be behind our English cousins in the advancement of useful art.

Every material ready at the hands of a London publisher was difficult of acquisition by one in New York. An editor of the proposed journal was readily discovered, but in an enterprise of this description an editor was of secondary importance, as artists, who were of primary value to the success of the undertaking, were not only scarce, but utterly unskilled in the task of sketching for wood engraving, hence, when found, they had to be tutored so as to afford facilities to the engravers. Again, Strong had a workshop filled with wood engravers, but then they had not been accustomed to that alacrity in handicraft or nicety in finish indispensible for the rapid and delicate work to be produced weekly and without fail in his paper. In addition to these vexations, paper had to be manufactured expressly for his publication, of a weight and texture not in general use; ink of superior quality had to be sought after and obtained, so that the impressions from the cuts would stand forth clear and bright, and finally a greater difficulty was experienced in securing a competent press to print off the edition with that neatness and effectiveness which appeared almost peculiar to London journals.

The indefatigable Strong was not perplexed by all these troubles, for, as an engraver, he had been thoroughly posted in every branch of his art, having worked in the most celebrated *ateliers* of London and Paris, so he put his shoulder to the wheel, instead of calling upon Hercules, and dragged the Ark of Liberty of his enterprise successfully through. He summoned to his aid artists of every description, to whom he offered handsome prices for available sketches, so, that out of the many applicants, he could select those suitable for permanent engagements; he increased the material of his workshop, and labored with the burin in his own proper person, to encourage and stimulate those in his employ until, finally, he had the satisfaction of turning out a not very discreditable specimen of American art in the way of an illustrated paper.

The American *Illustrated News* was published for over a year with increasing improvements and augmenting expenditures; so that at the expiration of a period fair enough to let the public patronage, Mr. Strong finding himself in advance of the time for the successful publication of so expensive an undertaking, concluded to terminate its issue. This step he took reluctantly, it is true, but it was forced upon him from the augmenting obstacles encountered to insure a favorable comparison with the trans-Atlantic papers, whose number and cost of embellishment had increased perceptibly, while popular encouragement on this side of the water had attained its utmost limit. There was no choice left to the enthusiastic projector, so he succumbed to the manifest destiny of his day.

It is due to Thomas W. Strong to mention that no man in America has done more to popularize wood engraving, and at a heavier outlay, than he has. When he was apprenticed to that trade there were scarce a dozen wood engravers in the country, and a majority of the work produced by them was coarse in the extreme. True there was Dr. Anderson Adams, the illustrator of Harper's Bible, and Lansing, but these men were exceptions to the general class of artists whose talents were employed only upon emergent occasions. In order to make himself thoroughly a master of the art, Mr. Strong, after accomplishment of his apprenticeship, visited Paris, where he executed, under direction of Andrew Best and Lenoir, some of the finest cuts of Gavarni's sketches and other much commended engravings. After mastering the French school Mr. Strong crossed to London, where again he labored assiduously to acquire the peculiarities of the English style, which, as every judge of wood engraving is aware, differs essentially from the elaborate work of the French artists. After these years of patient investigation abroad, Mr. Strong returned to his native city, where he struggled most industriously to transfer his individual experience to his colleagues by a wholesome encouragement of the art whenever it has been practicable for him so to do, until, wearied with the cares of business, he has retired from active life, not alone with a competency, but with a very handsome fortune.

The experience of Strong, who, as a practical operative, possessed superior qualifications for the work of illustration, failed to deter other parties from venturing upon this dangerous field of newspaperdom. A couple of years elapsed when Mr. Beach, of the *Sun*, announced his intention of publishing, in conjunction with Phineas T. Barnum, the superlative showman, a model illustrated paper of home manufacture. Thousands of preliminary puffs, concocted in a style of extravagant commendation, filled the city and country press; vague rumors as to an immensity of capital to sustain the enterprise passed from mouth to mouth; artists from every part of the world were invited to contribute to the stupendous undertaking; in a word, no means which could be left unemployed by the veteran showman could devise to attract public attention to the forthcoming publication. Finally, *Illustrated News*, without prefix or qualification to the title, made its appearance, and a heavy edition was exhausted critically to examine its merits. The press, overlooking its manifold faults, received it kindly and spoke encouragingly as to the ultimate success of the Barnumic idea, but the populace had no such a spirit of forbearance and relentlessly instituted a comparison between this be-puffed sheet and its trans-Atlantic contemporaries. In fact, the very paper chosen to invoke inspection proved inimical to the well being of the enterprise, for, although some of the engravings ranged from fair to middling, the majority were coarsely executed, wretchedly drawn and inferior as works of art, to the illustrations adorning a child's primer. The genius of Barnum over-stepped itself, and *Illustrated News* bade fair to fall into oblivion at its very inception, so disappointed were the general public with the first impression created by it. Nevertheless the succeeding numbers, improving as the more glaring faults were detected and remedied, partially removed the prejudice unwisely created through the extravagance of preliminary adulation, and the paper managed to attain an extended, but not self-sustaining, circulation.

Illustrated News will be remembered as the author of one of the pleasantest bits of satire invented by a newspaper, which was designed to rebuke the senselers hero worship of our fashionable world. *Putnam's Magazine*, then recently commenced, and in a most sickly condition, had seized upon the pretensions of a back woods preacher to be recognized as the missing Dauphin of France—the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. *Putnam's* reproduced the idle romance of the pretender's origin, gave the likeness of our newly discovered scion of royalty, and unhesitatingly pronounced the Rev. Eleazar Williams to be the heir to the throne of France. "Have we a Bourbon among us?" became a household enquiry, while the ladies of the Fifth avenue, aided by the snobs and nobs of the town, united to pay homage to our modern Perkin Warbeck, whom they rigged out with star and ribbon, planted upon a throne, and adored as a *bona fide* monarch with all the sincerity of a plebeian veneration. *Illustrated News* seized upon this fantasy to conjure up an opposition prince. An advertisement appeared in the *Herald* purporting to come from the Consul General of Hayti, asking information with regard to a missing prince of that country, nephew to the Emperor Faustin I., and heir presumptive to the imperial throne. Shortly after the advertisement was responded to the lost prince was found in the person of Francis, a colored barber in Bridgeport, Conn., beneath the very eaves of Barnum's residence, and consequently a suspicious locality for the discovery of a genuine article of curiosity. *Illustrated News* outvied *Putnam's* in reciting the wondrous adventures of its *protege*; it published his likeness, in the full splendor of republican attire, and called upon the fashionable world to confer upon a real prince similar honors to those bestowed upon a suppositious one. Finally it seriously announced that Francis, touched with our democratic philosophy, had resolved to continue on his barbering, and to ask no aid, in advance, from all imperial honors, which fortune had in store for him. The satire of the Black Prince demolished *Putnam's* advertising dodge and did not save *Illustrated News* from sharing the fate of its ambitious predecessor, for, after the publication of a volume or so, Barnum found it convenient to retire from a speculation which could neither prove remunerative or durable.

Contemporaneously with *Illustrated News* an embellished sheet appeared in Boston under the title of *Gleason's Pictorial*, intended rather for a parlor journal than a newspaper or current events. Mr. Gleason had been, prior to this publication, a very successful newspaper proprietor, one of the journals published by him, *The Flag of Our Union*, having attained a circulation of over one hundred thousand, which was a prodigious figure twenty years back. His present enterprise, however, possessed few features; yet, although infinitely inferior to the New York illustrated papers, it contrived to acquire a more extended circulation than either of them, possibly on account of the preference usually extended to Boston publications by newsdealers and agents.

To the energy of Mr. Frank Leslie we are at last indebted for the permanent establishment of an illustrated press in America, which, from a good beginning, is rapidly advancing to a state of excellence likely to compare with the best of the London issues. This gentleman, a wood engraver in London, whose true name was at the time Carter, came to this country in embarrassed circumstances, and commenced business as an artist, under the style of Frank Leslie. Possessed of energy and speculative enterprise, he commenced some years back the publication of a monthly *Gazette of Fashions* upon a magnificent which far excelled the *Bon Ton*, and the leading fashion magazines of either London or Paris. He followed up this success with a handsomely illustrated literary magazine, and, finally, after commencing and discarding several minor enterprises, issued *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, decidedly the best specimen of its kind which had been presented to our public. Perceiving in this new speculation the germ of success, Mr. Leslie, confirmed legally in assuming a name which he had adopted as a species of trade mark, labored assiduously, in the face of pecuniary and other difficulties, in the improvement of his paper, both artistically and literary, until he forced it upon its own merits into a flourishing circulation. Happily for him the occurrence in rapid succession of a series of national events, the illustration of which, committed to competent hands, attracted universal attention, combined to realize his most ardent aspirations, as the paper attained a large and most remunerative circulation.

Harpers' Weekly, "a journal of civilization," was originally designed as a high toned literary, critical and political newspaper, to stand at the head of the American press. It assumed as its prototype the London *Examiner*, as its earlier numbers amply demonstrate, and endeavored to rival that journal in style of language and depth of thought. No other house than the Harpers' would have ventured upon so hazardous an undertaking, but, as their reputation was world renowned and their agents were posted in every town and village of the Union, it was believed that so vast an influence upon the dealers would ensure, from the start, a sale adequate to compensate for the outlay incurred by the publication of a sheet which, were it to grope its way unaided into circulation, would require the expenditure of a fortune before reaping anything like an appropriate financial reward. But, even in this expectation the Harpers were disappointed, for they over estimated the intelligence of the reading community in believing them ready to receive a publication of the highest standard. Hence, despite the advantages possessed by the publishers, the *Weekly* would have soon passed out of existence had not its conductors entirely altered its literary complexion and modified its pretensions by the introduction of the now popular feature of illustrations. This politic stroke saved the paper from a certain decease, but, at this present time it is no more the "journal of civilization" it was intended to be than any other picture sheet, for the illustrations and not the literary contents form its popular character. It may not be pleasing to our national pride to hazard an opinion as to the superficial education of our reading masses, but the experience of *Harpers' Weekly* and many other predecessors conclusively shows that a reliance upon intelligence of an extraordinary degree is fatal to the hopes of a popular newspaper enterprise.

Not content with the issue of his newspaper in the English language, Frank Leslie shrewdly suspected that an edition in the German tongue would meet with favor among a vast body of our population, whose habit is not, even if possessing the ability so to do, to peruse newspapers in our vernacular. Nevertheless the *Zeitung* is not an exact reproduction of the *Illustrated Newspaper*; on the contrary, while preserving the cuts, the matter of the letter press has been entirely changed, German romances and other acceptable literary compositions being substituted for that which appears in the original edition. The Teutonic taste differs essentially from that of Americans and in thus wisely catering for their particular amusement Mr. Leslie has rendered his *Zeitung* wholly independent of his other journal and thereby secured an extentive circulation which could not be reached in the ordinary channel of publication.

Believing that the entire continent could be brought beneath the influence of one local press, Mr. Leslie has recently commenced a third edition of his illustrated journal, designed for circulation in Cuba, Mexico and the various republics of the American continent, of Iberian origin. As a matter of course this edition is printed in Spanish, while its editorship is conducted upon similar principles with those governing his German edition. The enterprise of Mr. Leslie affords an ingenious comment upon the one idea management of the London press, who, while they may justly claim to be our superiors in artistic skill, have failed to turn to advantage the immense resources laying within their grasp. The proprietors of the London *News* are simply content with the circulation of the one edition of their truly beautiful sheet, but, presume they had adopted the system of Mr. Leslie, and there would have been no nook or corner of Europe into which the original of their paper, still wet from the printing house in London, would not have found its way.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT magazines go off best? Powder magazines.

WHAT'S in a name? Four letters.

WHEN does a ship tell a falsehood? When she lies at the wharf.

WHEN do flowers become highwaymen? When they show pistils and stamen.

WHY is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because he takes the pledge but cannot always keep it.

WHY ought a chemist to be a woman? Because he is an "Ann Eliza."

OUGHT not a young lady of eighteen springs to have a fine waterfall?

WHY is a man who fails in kissing a lady like a shipwrecked fisherman? Because he has lost his *smack*.

BREVITIES.

A SELF-TIGHTENING STRAP—Blackstrap.

PRINTING OFFICE rats are quad-rupeds.

EXPOSED LUMBER—The one board of brokers.

THE BEST DANCE FOR SURGEONS—"The Lancers."

A "DROP IN THE OCEAN"—A sudden calm.

TONIC FOR THE INSOLENT—Sarcy-parilla.

FASHIONABLE PARADOX—A sun shade.

A FULL PURSE never lacks friends.

MAN OF STAMPS—Uncle Samuel.

A GREAT PATRON OF THE TURF—Oil Scratch.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM—The letter W.

THE KEY OF A MINOR—The latch key.

ALL flowers of speech spring from tu-lips.

THE SEA OF TROUBLES—The curren-cy.

EXTREME CLAMOR.—The hollow of the foot.

BUSS—To kiss.

REBUSS—To kiss again.

PLURIBUS—To kiss without regard to sex.

SYLLABUSS—To kiss the hands instead of the lips.

BLUNDERBUSS—To kiss the wrong person.

OMNIBUSS—To kiss all the persons in the room.

EREBUS—To kiss in the dark.

THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY—Fine clothes.

HOW TO MAKE A STRONG DIET—Bolt your food.

POETIC JUSTICE—Drowning a milkman in water.

OVERHEAD AND EARS IN DEBT—Wearing an unpaid for hat.

IN TRYING to act natural it isn't necessary to be one.

MOTTO FOR AN ENGRAVER—Cut and come again.

THE MOST CLASSIC OF OPERAS—Opera Ciceronis.

THE REPRESHMENT AN IDLE MAN WOULD PREFER—Loaf cake.

NEW FEMININE REAPING—Man proposes but woman accepts.

THE reward of good works is like dates—sweet and ripening late.

MANY women waist time by an improper arrangement of the stays.

MERRY MOMENTS.

"I GOT some boot in that bargain," as the loafer said when he got kicked out of doors.

WHEN a sportsman fires into a covey of partridges he makes them all quail.

OUT of several dozen people only a limited number will talk gossip of their friends, and then kindle up if they hear it has been talked of themselves.

OUT of one hundred persons, six reach the age of sixty years, and of these five generally behave so as to make their friends wish they hadn't.

A MISTAKE.—A young lady threw herself into the box at the post office instead of her letter, nor did she discover her mistake until the clerk asked her if she were single.

ACUMEN.—A dull writer boasting of his power of criticism, some person remarked: "No one can doubt your sagacity, for you can discover wit in your own productions, whereas no other person ever could."

A SHREWD YOUTH.—"Come here, you mischievous little rascal, you!" "Won't you lick me, father?" "No!" "Will you swear you won't?" "Yes!" "Then I won't come, father, for parson Atwood says, "the that swears will lie."

HEAVY AND LIGHT STROKES.—A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian style of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and down one's light."

A DISTINGUISHING MARK.—A citizen down east was dubbed "the little rase-l!" A friend once volunteered to ask him why he was called "the little rascal!" "I do dis nguish me from my neighbours," said he, "who are all great rascals!"

THE DEVIL.—"The word devil," said a certain parson, "is mean, any how you can take it. Remove the d and it is evil, remove the e and it is vile, remove the v and it is il, and the l alone has the sound of bell.

THAT WAS ALL.—"Did you report I was a thief, sir?" angrily inquired Snooks the other day of one of his neighbors. "No, I reported no such thing. I only said there were strong suspicions against you, and that I believed all the suspicions to be correct!" "Oh, was that all?"

FEMININE WIT.—A fair one wrote to her lover begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the post man to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him.

OBLIGING.—A dentist was lately making a speech in a political caucus, when a fellow in the crowd exclaimed, "What do you ask for pulling a tooth, doctor?" "I'll pull your tooth for a shilling and your nose for half the money, replied the speaker.

HAD AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—A little girl, the daughter of a coal merchant, after listening attentively to an account given her of hell by her father, who said it was a place where Satan continually roasted sinners at an immense fire, exclaimed, "Oh, papa, can't you induce him to take coals of you?"

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence to a lady who had lost her husband, in two words, "Oh Madame!" In less than a year the lady was married again; and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah Madame!"

HIS BELIEF.—A gentleman wishing to discover the religion of an Irish guide, inquired:—"Paddy, what's your belief?" To which Paddy replied:—"Wisha then, your honor, but I'm of my landlady's belief." "What's that, Paddy?" "Wisha, and I'll tell you, I owe her five half year's rent, and she believes that I'll never pay her. That's my belief, too."

SORROW VALUED.—Wit in an influential form was displayed by a Quaker gentleman soliciting subscriptions for a distressed widow for whom everybody expressed the greatest sympathy. "Well," said he, "every body declares he is sorry for her; I am truly sorry—I am sorry ten dollars. How much art thou sorry friend? and thou? and thou?"

WHAT IT WAS LIKE.—An Irish gentleman was relating in company that he saw a terrible wind the other night. "Saw a wind!" said another. "I never heard of a wind being seen. But pray, what was it like?"—"Like to have blown my house about my ears," replied the first.

PHYSICIAN AND APOTHECARY.—Rowland Hill rode a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed to be always so well, he replied, "My physician has been a horse, and my apothecary an ass.

AN OPEN SMILE.—"How do you like the looks of the varmint?" asked an Arkansan of a Downeaster who was gazing with distended eyes at an alligator with open jaws on the bank of the Mississippi. "What," responded the Yankee, recovering his mental equipoise, "he ain't what you'd call a handsome critter, but he's a deal of openness when he smiles."

MR. CANNING and another gentleman were looking at a picture of the Deluge; the ark was in the middle distance; in the foreground an elephant was seen struggling with his fate. "I wonder," said the gentleman, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place in the ark." "He was too late," replied Canning, "he was ortained packing up his trunk."

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Hoboken Fall Meeting.

SECOND DAY'S RACING—UNDERWOOD WINS THE HURDLE RACE—SLEETY THE DASH RACE—AND METAIRIE THE MILE HEAT RACE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10.

The second days' racing of the Hoboken Fall Meeting, postponed from Tuesday, the 6th inst., came off on Tuesday, the 10th, on the course at Secaucus. Unlike the first day, the weather was very unfavorable; a chill easterly wind sweeping the sea fog up the valley of the Hackensack, while a drizzling rain fell at intervals. Despite of this, there was a good attendance, although it was far from being so large as the really excellent racing deserved. From some cause or other, this meeting does not become popular with the race-loving residents of the Empire City, despite its proximity, and the easy access afforded by the Erie Railroad, whose trains run within a short distance of the track. When Colonel McDaniels first assumed the management of the Secaucus course, three years ago, the first meeting held was a highly successful one; the racing being excellent, the attendances large, and the satisfaction general. But, unfortunately for himself, the Colonel delegated into other and incompetent hands, the executive direction of the succeeding three days, and the new managers, in their eagerness and anxiety to grasp the money of the race-loving public, neglected to give them an equivalent in the shape of good sport, for the racing became miserable in quality as well as in quantity, and the natural result was that the Hoboken Meeting became unpopular and still continues to be so. Probably when too late, Colonel McDaniels has re-assumed the active management of the meetings, and it is to be hoped that his long experience and personal popularity will again restore them to their previous height of success.

The programme for the second day contained four races; a handicap hurdle race; a dash race; a mile heat race; and a gentlemen's hack race; the latter, however, did not fill, and consequently did not come off. The same four horses ran in the first race that took place in the hurdle race on the first day, viz:—Red Dick, Underwood, Ripley and Harry Booth. In the previous race Welter weights were carried, but in this race the horses were handicapped; Red Dick carrying 144lbs.; Underwood, 145lbs.; Harry Booth, 140lbs.; and Ripley, 132lbs. At these weights Underwood was meeting his opponents on much better terms than he did in the first race, when he carried 152lbs.; besides which he had the advantage of being ridden by the clever young jockey, Midgely; the riding of Pepper in the previous race having given great dissatisfaction to the stable in which Underwood is trained. The home stable, notwithstanding the difference in the weights, felt great confidence in winning with Red Dick, and they made him the favorite, but the race lay at the finish entirely between Underwood and Harry Booth; the former, ridden in fine artistic style by Young Midgely, winning the race by a length.

The race for the mile and an eighth dash was confined to the stables of Colonel McDaniels and Dr. Weldon, the former running Mr. Irissey and Sarah B.; and the latter Sleety and Uncle Vic. At the finish the two last named had it all to themselves, finishing first and second. Uncle Vic was equally successful in the third and last race, mile heats, in which Lizzie Rogers, who had beaten Sleety in a similar race on the first day, was pitted against Metairie; the latter revenging the defeat of his stable companion, Sleety, by winning the race in two straight heats. This race brought the sport to a termination and closed the turf campaign of 1868 in this section of the country.

THE HURDLE RACE

Was a handicap, over two miles and eight hurdles, for a purse of $1000, the winner receiving one moiety of $300, the second horse $75, and the third $25. No horse could start in this race unless he had, also, run in the first hurdle race. The weights imposed by the handicapper, and which are stated above, gave Underwood an advantage; seeing that in the Welter weight race he had carried 152 lbs, or 10 lbs more than either Red Dick or Harry Booth, while he now had to carry 145 lbs, or only 1 lb more than Red Dick and 5 lbs more than Harry Booth. There was a change in the riders, also, on two of the horses, Midgely taking George Pepper's place on Underwood and "Red Dick" riding Harry Booth instead of Roche, Tom Lee being on Red Dick as before. When the pool selling first commenced at the hotel, Underwood was always taken as first choice, with Harry Booth selling for almost as much money and Col. McDaniels' entry lowest. But on the track, after the horses were brought to be saddled, there was such a rush to get on McDaniels' pair that he became the favorite, bringing $105 to Underwood's $90, and Harry Booth's $50. Ripley was started to assist his stable companion, Red Dick, by making the pace good from the start. Harry Booth went off first, with Underwood close up, the two jumping the first hurdle side by side, Ripley third and Red Dick last, the latter hitting it as he went over and knocking it flat on the ground. As soon as they were over Ripley rushed to the front and cut out the running, leading Underwood three lengths over the second hurdle, which was near the quarter pole on the backstretch, Harry Booth laying six lengths behind Underwood, and the the favorite as far in the rear. Either Ripley or Underwood knocked this hurdle down as they jumped it, for the last two horses found the road clear for them. The third hurdle was placed near the halfe pole, and over this Ripley was leading a couple of lengths; Underwood twice as far before Booth and the latter six lengths ahead of Red Dick, whose backers began to fancy that he was laying too far behind. In this order they ran along the lower side of the track, the intervals between the different horses seeming to increase. As they turned into the homestretch, however, the hindmost horses began to close up, and when they came to the fourth hurdle, just below the distance stand, Ripley was only two lengths before Underwood, who was six lengths before Harry Booth, and Red Dick nearly as far in the rear. As he went over, Ripley knocked this hurdle down, his special mission being apparently to clear the road of these impediments for the rest. As they swept under the string on the first mile, Ripley was still in front, Underwood a length before Booth and Red Dick close up. The latter now made his run as they went around the turn, and passing his horses, took the lead, which he held over the prostrate hurdle near the quarter pole. Midgely now let out Underwood, and challenged Red Dick for the lead, the pair passing the half mile pole head and head together, Harry Booth third, and Ripley, who had done the work appointed for him, far. On the lower stretch Red Dick, unable to go the pace, fell back beaten, and simultaneously the cry was raised "Harry Booth wins." The latter had emerged from the rear, and shooting past Red Dick, came with a terrific rush on Underwood, collared him, and the two swung into the homestretch locked together. But Midgely had carefully nursed Underwood for the final struggle, and after a brilliant race home, he won by a length; Harry Booth three lengths before Red Dick, and Ripley last. Time, 4:02.

FIRST RACE.—HANDICAP HURDLE—Two miles, eight hurdles; premium $1500; $300 to first horse, $75 to second and $25 to third; no horse allowed to start in second hurdle unless he ran in the first.
R. W. Waldron's b h Dr. Underwood, by Lexington, dam Kate Hayes, by Albion, 145lb 1
Col. Harry B. Todd's b h Harry Booth, by Lexington, dam Rhonde, 5 yrs, 140lb 2
Col. D. McDaniels' b h Red Dick, by Lexington, out of Alabama, 5 yrs, 144lb 3
Col. D. McDaniels' b h Ripley, by Jeff Davis, out of Neria, by Boston, 5 yrs, 123lb 4
Time, 4:02.

THE MILE AND AN EIGHTH RACE

followed, and was a Consolation Purse for beaten horses, the winner taking $220, and the second horse $50. The entries, four in number, were Dr. Weldon's b f Sleety and ch c Uncle Vic, Col. McDaniels' be Morrissey and b f Sarah B. Dr. Weldon's entry had the call at 2 to $50, the betting being brisk at those odds. The horses were started below the distance stand, midway down the homestretch, and Uncle Vic was the first to show ahead when the flag fell. As they swept past the stand Uncle Vic was in the lead, with his stable companion, Sleety, second, Sarah B. third, and Morrissey, who seems to have entirely lost his former tremendous turn of speed, last. As they went past the stand, Sleety's saddle slipped upon her withers, and little Browne, her jockey, being unable to hold her, she rushed to the front and cut out the running at a great pace. At the quarter pole she was a length in front, Uncle Vic and Sarah B. head and head, and Morrissey far behind and already out of the race. On the backs retch Sleety still showed the way, the other two locked together, and they ran thus past the half mile pole. On the lower stretch, many of the spectators looked for Sleety coming back to the others, thinking that she must be running herself out; but her clever light weight jockey had by this time got a pull on her, and combined as the two were safe, he came away at a good pace with the filly, who won by a length, the latter having already disposed of Sarah B., who evidently began to tire as they turned into the homestretch. Sleety won easily by two lengths, her stable companion, Uncle Vic, second, six lengths before Sarah B., and Morrissey beaten off. Time, 2:06. Summary:—

SECOND RACE.—Consolation Premium $220; one and one eighth mile; $50 to first and $30 to second; usual allowance to beaten horses.
J. Eckerson's b f Sleety, by Rogers, dam Angelina, by Albion, 4 years 1
J. Eckerson's ch c Uncle Vic, by Uncle Vic, out of Dell, Carter, 3 yrs 2
Col. D. McDaniels' b f Sarah B, by Planet, out of Adelaide, by imp. Glencoe, 3 yrs 3
Col. D. McDaniels' b c Morrissey, by Breckenridge, dam by Bonnie Scotland, 4 yrs 4
Time, 2:06.

THE MILE HEAT RACE

was the third and last event; the gentlemen's hack race, for a silver cup worth $100, not having filled. The purse was $250, the winner taking $200 and the second horse $50. According to the conditions of the mile and one quarter race had to carry a penalty of 5lbs. extra weight. There were only two entries, Mr. Eckerson's ch c Metairie, 4 yrs, and Col. McDaniels' ch f Lizzie Rogers, 3 yrs; the latter having to carry the 5lbs penalty for winning on the first day. The betting was in favor of Metairie, the pool odds averaging about $100 to $70 on him.

FIRST HEAT.—Lizzie Rogers jumped off first with a lead of two lengths, but before they had gone around the turn Metairie had deprived her of it, and led her two lengths at the quarter pole, going the first mile in 1:51. Up the last stretch Lizzie closed a little, and was at the quarters at the half mile pole, gradually gaining until at the three quarter pole she was at his head. A fine race up the homestretch ensued, but Lizzie, who was inside and on the heaviest part of the track, could never fairly get up, and was beaten by a length in 2:15.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting was now one hundred to forty on Metairie. Lizzie Rogers took the lead, as in the first heat, but Metairie quickly overtook her, and they ran head and head past the quarter pole and down the homestretch. At the draw gate Metairie showed her head and neck in front, but Lizzie again joined issue, and ran locked with him around into the home stretch. Half way up Lizzie's rider pulled out behind Metairie from the inside to where the going was sounder, but it was too late, for Metairie gained a couple of lengths by her doing so, and won the heat and race by that distance in 1:51½. Summary:—

THIRD RACE.—Mile heats, premium $250; $150 to first and $50 to second horse; the winner of the mile and repeat race at a first day to carry 5lb extra.
J. Eckerson's ch c Metairie, by Star Davis, dam Katonah, 4 yrs 1 1
Col. D. McDaniels' ch f Lizzie Rogers, by brother to Frank Allen, out of Jennie Rose, 3 years, 93lbs 2 2
Time, 1:48; 1:51½.

Great Trotting Match for $2,000, Between Lady Thorn and Lucy

LADY THORN WINS IN THREE STRAIGHT HEATS.

TIME, 2:27; 2:25; 2:25.

The anxiously anticipated trotting match between the two celebrated fast mares, Lady Thorn and Lucy, for two thousand dollars, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off on Monday, the 9th inst., on the Fashion Course, L. I. The day was delightful, and doubtless the fairness of the weather induced hundreds to visit Long Island to witness this important contest. It will be remembered that Lady Thorn and Lucy last came together at the trotting meeting at Narragansett Park last September, in a purse in which the famous trotting stallions, George Wilkes and Rhode Island, were also entered, and started. In that race Lucy won the first two heats in the remarkably fast time of 2:22½, while Lady Thorn won the succeeding three heats and the race. The friends of Lucy attributed her defeat to her driver being outgeneralled by his opponents, and not to any inferiority on her part, and they at once issued a challenge to match her against Lady Thorn for two thousand dollars, in a race of mile heats, three in five, in harness. This was accepted by the owners of Lady Thorn (Messrs. James H. McMinn, of New York, and W. H. Welsh, of Philadelphia), and Monday, Nov. 9th, was fixed upon as the day. There was also a proviso in the agreement in favor of Lucy, designating the old stand as the starting point, it being thought that as the homestretch was short and somewhat down hill, it would be in her favor. This point, however, was not insisted on when the day came, as it would have caused a great deal of inconvenience to the spectators present, for the old stand has fallen in ruins to the ground. Besides, the Lucy party felt so sanguine of her winning that they at once agreed to start from the usual place at the new stand. Her condition looked fine when she appeared on the track, but when she commenced scoring the eye-trained eye quickly detected that she was a little too ramy; she was driven by her trainer, Budd Doble. Lady Thorn looked remarkably well after her long and hard campaign, during which she had trotted fourteen races, in ten of which she had been victorious. As hitherto, Dan Pfifer held the reins over. The betting before the horses came upon the track showed Lucy to have a decided call, $100 to $80 being currently laid to large amounts. After the horses commenced scoring, and it was seen that Lucy showed signs of rankness, the odds laid on her gradually declined, until when the start was effected, the betting had become even between them.

FIRST HEAT.—After six failures to come up evenly together owing to the rankness of Lucy, who broke up every time they approached the score, they got the word when perfectly parallel with each other. Lucy had the pole, but breaking as she went around the turn, Lady Thorn took it from her, and as they passed the quarter pole in 38 seconds, had opened a gap of three lengths. As they went past the old stand on the backstretch, Lucy began to warm to her work, and trot in her customary style, reducing her Ladyship's lead at the half mile pole to a length and a half; time, 1:15. On the Flushing stretch Lucy made a second break, and fell behind again, but recovering, she came with such a terrific burst of speed that fairly electrified the beholders, and both horses turned into the homestretch locked together. From this point to the score one of the most magnificent struggles ever witnessed on any trotting track ensued. Both horses and drivers alike seemed to exert all their powers; stride for stride they came up the stretch so even with each other that none could detect any advantage on either side. At the distance they still were head and head, and it was only in the last dozen yards that the masterly skill of Dan Pfifer brought the famous old mare over the score a winner of the heat by a short half length in 2:27.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting now changed to odds on Lady Thorn, the last pool sold being $150 to $60 on her. Lucy was still as rank as before the first heat, and they scored five times before they came up even and got the word. Lucy made a succession of breaks before rounding the turn, but did not lose much in consequence, as Lady Thorn was not over a length before her at the quarter pole, in going to which they were 37½ seconds. Passing the ruins of the old stand on the backstretch, Lucy trotted fast, and was only three parts of a length behind the old bay mare at the half mile pole; time, 1:13½. On the Flushing stretch Lucy's rapid gait continued undiminished, for she gradually collared Lady Thorn, passed her, and came into the homestretch clear two lengths ahead. But the gallant Lady was not yet beaten, for when fairly into the homestretch, she seemed to strike that mighty stride which so often on the last quarter has brought her home in victory, and steadily but surely she closed up the space between them; at the distance she was at Lucy's head, carrying the latter to a double break, and Lady Thorn won the heat by four lengths in 2:25.

THIRD HEAT.—The result of the last heat was a sad blow to the hopes of Lucy's supporters, who now manifested wonderful industry in trying to hedge their money, by laying long odds on Lady Thorn. Of the three pools sold before the start, one showed $1,000 for Lady Thorn and $150 for Lucy, and the other $600 for her ladyship and $55 for Lucy; a state of odds which showed plainly the slight expectations entertained of Lucy winning the race. After three scoring, in which Lucy seemed to out trot the Lady, as the latter could not get up to her (the ears of Lucy having been stuffed with cotton to prevent her hearing the sound of Thorn's feet), they got the word, with Lucy half a length in front. The latter kept increasing the advantage she had obtained until, at the quarter pole, she was nearly three lengths ahead of Lady Thorn. Time, 0:36½. At the half mile, trotted in 1:12½, Lucy was still as far ahead, and her original backers, who had not hedged their money, began to indulge in faint hopes of ultimate success. On the Flushing stretch the big bay mare began to close up, and there was only a length's daylight between the two as they swung around the lower turn into the homestretch. Now again did Lady Thorn display her wonderful speed and game, for her stride began to lengthen, and at every stroke she closed upon her fleet rival. At the distance she was at Lucy's head, and on Doble endeavoring to force the latter to increased speed, she suddenly broke up, and Lady Thorn came home a winner of the heat and race in 2:25. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, Nov. 9.—Trotting match, $2,000; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.
D. Pfifer named b m Lady Thorn, by Mambrino Chief, dam by Gano 1 1 1
B. Doble named b m Lucy, by George M. Patchen, dam by May Day 2 2 2

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Jno. Crosher,	Dan Shelby,	Pete Lee,
A. A. Mallen,	Geo. Derrickson,	W. Richards,
A. MacFarland,	A. MacFarland,	Adam Forepaugh,
C. S. Breslin,	Chas. E. Lovell,	Lew Hallett,
Frank Phillips, 13 cts.	O. B. Collins,	T. L. Donnelly,
O. P. Sweet,	Johnny Maywood,	Harry St. Leon,
Rufus Wilmarth,	E. C. Howes,	Frank Wild,
C. H. Alvather,	Chas. Parker,	Johnny Purdy,
George Fisher,	T. H. Jefferson, 2.	M. L. Townsend, 2.
M. B. Pike,	M. W. Hanley,	John Brougham,
Chas. Rice,	Charles L. Church,	W. C. Crosbie,
C. H. Morton, 2.	Wm. Carleton, 2.	C. H. Dupree,
J. C. Gregory, 2.	James Corbett,	Johnny Mitchell,
Gustave Sidaux, 2.	J. N. Drew,	Lew Wilson,
C. C. Palmer,	Clark Gibbs,	Harry Robinson,
Dick Hannan,	Bob Hart,	Edward Clinton,
H. A. Hight,	Dan Morris,	Harry Everett,
Jas. H. Russey,	Fred Hunt,	F. L. Kent,
Fred Buckingham,	Edwin Barry,	Sig. Farranta,
Lew Benedict,	Wm. Mack,	Mr. Twombly,
C. F. Slocum,	Mr. Wetmore,	Eddie Collyer,
L. F. Barrett,	J. M. Wickwire,	Claude De Haven,
Eugene Gorman, 2.	Prof. Nichols,	Alfred Hastings,
Billy Bell,	J. C. Murry,	C. A. Wing,
Doc Liverpool,	Arthur Gregery,	R. A. Brennan,
F. A. Kesler,	D. C. Waldron,	Frank Chapman,
James Collier,	Dan Morris,	Chas. B. Moore,
Fred Lubin,	Eddie Fox,	W. B. Carroll,
Henry Stone,	R. M. Johnston,	Jas. E. Cooke,
Wm. Sweatnam,	Henry North,	Sam Rinehart,
M. G. Dorighty,	Wm. Roland,	Sammy Birch,
Edward Rusk,	A. Prodigan,	Alex. Zanfretta,
Geo. Gaston,	Frank Dobson,	Billy Rice,
J. F. Sherry,	Ned Howard,	J. S. Murphy,
Dan Castello,	C. De Forrest,	C. H. Matthews.
E. S. Rosenthal,	Willie Blair,	Kate Vanon,
Isadore Odiorne,	Alice Kingsbury,	Edie Whitten,
Charlotte Andrews,	Helen Western, 2	May Arlington,
Lizzie Mitchell,	Josephine Parker,	Mad. Moore,
Maggie Clark,	Angie Robinson,	Flory Scammel,
Cassie Troy,	Kate Raymond,	Josephine Zanfretta
Mrs. Harry Leslie,	Worrell Sisters,	Sallie Western,
Caroline Hayes,	Laura Keene,	Mlle. Leah,
Adah Richmond,	Annie Campron,	Jenny Kempton,
Jessie Crisp,	Cassie Markham,	Therese Berrie.
Lottie Brown,		

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Nov. 16, '68.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, BY "OUR JIM."

THE WORLD MOVES. Some people grumbles cause it moves too fast; but them which is so fault findin' can't have no salary comin' to 'em. For my part, I don't care a dam how fast it moves, since the faster the days goes, the faster a feller's wages comes along. Therefore, I say, in no spirit of wain glorification, or anything, let her move..... I hear, in a underhanded manner from a unknone sorce, that the other man has been in Washington, pertectin' Gen. Grant from the rabble which surrounds him, and givin' the President eleck the benefit of his experience as a cabinet maker, the boss having served six months with one of the most successfulest firms engaged in making freedmen's bureaus, side-boards, cheers, sofers, etceterer: so fur the present week I have to git up this department agin. I'm also informed in a sort of suspishus manner that my boss refuses all offices, pint blank; but that if Mr. Grant *insists* on his takin' the war department—which has been offered him in a surreptishus manner owing to his knowledge of fightin' and wrastlin' and knockin' down—he won't insult the General by refusin' of it, the boss's principles bein' that when one's country demands a man's services he haint got no right to go back on his country, but must offer hisself up, like a sheep led to the slorter house, a willin' sacrifise for the nation's welfare, and so say we all. Some envious minded people don't think nothin' of talkin' about a man behind his own back, but people which goes back on a man in those manner is only fit for stratagems, spoils and things. A skunkioed heifer came in to me the other day, as I sot in me big chair, and says to me in a dirty sort of voice:—"Where's your boss?" Says I, in a dignified air, "In Washington, D. C., with Gen. Grant and his staff." "A curryin' favor," responded the scurrelous ruffin, "just like a many more of *his sort*." He put a curous emfisis on *his sort*, and me blood biled. Risin' to a proud eminens, and with the haughty culture which has been inherent in me ever since my connection with our horticultural society, I said, proudly, with me eyes restin' on a Sharp's rifle over me desk, and me uplifted hand pointin' outward—"Do you see those door?" "I do," retorted the pernisbis fiend, with a sordonic grin on his grim-wisaged bugle. Whether it was the strange and weird-like character of me voice, or the original tones of me expression which caused it, I am not prepared to say, but he never budged; he stood like Miss Minnie *Ream's* marble status of Lincoln, and I *inquired* what he meant by such rudeness and want of spirit; "didn't you hear me words, or isn't me language perspicous enough? *Do you* SEE THOSE DOOR?" raising the volume of me organ like a tenor singer skirmishin' for the high C. "I do," once more emerged from the capacious recess of his countenance but still standin' like he had took root in the free soil which pervades our office. "Then," says I, in a pensive mood, "take this ten cent stamp and git." In the exhileratin' words of Wm. Birch, author of the "Poor Man's Destiny," the "Bride of an Hour," "Rey nardo the Renegardo," and other enlivenin' poems:—

"He come as the waves come when pavies are stranded,"

but he went away like a weepin' infant, likewise resemblin' Mrs. Niobe, whom, owin' to the death of her only children at the hand of a midnight assassin, was all tears. Just as the steel pen is mightier than a steel sword, so is a ten cent stamp more powerfuller than a Sharp's rifle. When Mr. Arkimedes said he could move the world if he could get a lever, greenbacks wasn't invented, and that's why he failed. Greenbacks is the lever whom you can get a good purchase with, and greenbacks, probably, is a movin' the world, of which them various earthquakes is a specimen. But I digress..... "A. Gamin," a friend of mine in me boyhood's days, sends me those few small lines for insertion in your "spicy department"—his own unbridged words—"with the compliments of one who has seen better days." Alars! I was as well acquainted with him as young Hamlet knew "Alars, poor Yorick." Methinks I see his perennial and ever green face as we both of us used to stand at the portals of the old Bowery pit, a waitin' for somebody's check, or tryin' to injuce the charitable bystanders to lend us three cents to make up a shillin'. Years has flown since them days, and each of us is now a standin on his own pinnekil, him as the confidenshal clark of a Dutch grocery store in the "Glorious Fourth," and me as a maker of public opinyun. But, even in his lofty position, he doesn't forgit the friends of his youth. No! But in the sulent watches of the night he writes rhymes to assist me in me arjuous labors; he casts his work upon the water, as it were, and it comes before me and me invaluable readers, like "pearls before swine." Here is his last effort, which is

SLIGHTLY PERSONAL.

An advertisement for a "Heart"—
Inserted by a "Guy,"
Soliciting "each lady's *carte*,"
Was vouchsafed this reply:
Dear Sir—Our idioms will oft
Completely (and humorae)
An educated girl to put
The cart before the horse;
But I would ask you to your face
How does it come to pass
That ladies are required to place
A *cart(e)* before an ass?

* * * * *

Ye paper seekers after hearts,
Beware how ye solicit *cartes*?

.....I haven't been very fluent on conundrums late'y owin' to a lack of disposishun and me time bein' otherwise consumed in different spears; but the other day, being comparat vely tired out, and sustainin' a shock which gave me a serous pain in me bowels, I ventured as far as the corner store to see if I could git a little somethin' soothin.' I often git these turns, and I am obliged to take somethin' to keep 'em from *growin'* on me. So I says to Jacob Beerhalter, who puts up the medicine, says I, "Jake, I'm got an awful turn—I'm afeared I must have a spoonful of old rye!" Jake is a accommodatin' man to his payin' customers, and as I frequently git spells, and spend a good deal of money with him, he's rather obligin' to me; so placin' a bottle and a weiss beer glass afore me, he turned his head away, in a kindish manner, like he didn't want me to think he was a lookin' at me. Now, many a man, with such a opportunity before him, would a filled up the long glass, but I aint a man to do such scurvy wholesale business, so I only filled it a little mor'n half full—for me pain was putty bad, you know, and despirt cases requires despirt doses—and took it without ever askin' for somethin' to take the taste out of me mouth, like some mean cusses does after takin' medicine. "All right, Jim?" says the medicine man before turnin'. "You bet," says I, as I thoughtlessly began to eat his crackers and cheese, which looked like he had put 'em there for lunch. As I placed me five cents on the counter, I began to think, and this is what I thunk: "Jake," says I, as I took solemn leave of the money which Jake put in the till, "why is that there five cent stamp like a classical scholar whom has just been admitted to practise in our first class courts?" "In dose korts mit hand ball?" inquired the green grocer, "or dot korts yust runnin' out of de oder streets, I don't forgit?" "No, no, I mean courts where they make naturalised people." "Oh, yaw, dose blind asylum; yaw, I knows 'em!" "Bah, I don't mean any such place; I mean courts where theeves is tried for stealin' lager beer and such things; murder courts, don't you know?" "Oh! yaw; dodge Bowlin's place? Yaw, I knows him. Well!" Why is that five cent stamp, which I just paid you or a drop of old rye, like a classical scholar whom has just been admitted to practise in our first class courts?" "Oh, hell, I forgit." "I'll tell you why—because its a bargain." But Jake hasn't been able to see it yit, as his mind dwells more on cheese than law business.....The follerin' feelin' lines is sent by a anguished mother. I know what it is to be a anguished mother. Some of 'em has it less wuss than others, but most anguished mothers brings it on theirselves by bein' in too much of a hurry to git married, and forsake their own parental domiciles. Girls thinks the great object of life is to git married—honestly, if they can, but git married. If their parents doesn't like the person, owin' to his drunken disposishun, or nefarious peculiarities, and refuses their consents to the marriage, or forbids the bans, as it were, blamed if the girls wont sneak off and git married, jist out of spite. I know it; I tried it mesself once, and the girl and me sneaked off, but a diabolical wretch of a police-sarjunt was put on our track, and just as the minister was a sayin' "if anybody shouldn't be jined asunder," in steps this wicked and skeemin' detective, and says, says he, "I forbid them bans," and toted us both off to the station house before I had a chance to pay the minister as far as he'd got. I disgust all such interruptuns, and have never got any further married since. But to the anguished mother and her

TENDER LINES.

I.

What fancies fills his childish brains
As now asleep he lays—
His thoughts runs on in some queer strain
Of fond mother's praise?
I watch his little features as
I stand 'longside his bed,
When suddenly the child, it says,
Says he, "our father's dead!"

II.

In this gloomy and uncomfortable house
I'm sittin' this here night alone—
Save this is my only comfort is
My darlin' little woner;
And my thoughts about my husband
Is some chainty now does roam,
And I wonder if he's thinkin'
It's time he was at home.

III.

When the infant's exclamation
First fell upon mine ears,
It struck me quite most forcibly
And filled me heart with tears;
I rushed away to "Jerry,"
And there, behind an old trank,
I found my noble husband,
And he surely was dead—drunk!

The boss seldom gives place to such plaintive and domestic stories of real life, but any old buffer that comes along with comic poetry, he's sure to buy it. But *vox populi* has always been my motto, and I mean to stand by it as long as *e pluribus unum* has a place in our criminal calendar..... Play actin' was a little uppish in some theatres, since my last, and in some others the bears had the best of it, as they say down in Wall street. I don't think it speaks very commendablish for our gallantry when two female actresses like Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Lander is obliged to play before "a beggarly account of empty boxes," as the apothecary said after countin' his pill boxes which hadn't nothin' in 'em worth speakin' of. There was Ned Forrest, too; he didn't do as well as he oughter, and why? Because he plays the legitimate. Why don't Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Lander come out and do "Elizabeth" on a tight rope, surrounded with fire crackers, or play "Mary Stuart" in short skirt and tights, or do the Can Can, or some thin' like that? Why do they waste their fragrance on the desert air of lonely play houses acting historical pieces. Why don't they go into the buffer opera business? Our truly moral, strickly refined, and highly educated classes runs after the beastly buffers like children used to cry after somebody's cough lozenges; but ladies, like Mrs. Lander and Mrs. Bowers, whom is a ornament to the stage and to perlite society, which acts in pieces full of nice language, and shyness, and decency, can't draw a half a house. Its disgustin' to morals, and a disgraceness to a naturalized community. Whom blames managers for doing leg pieces is a ijit. Managers is men a earnin' their livin' by the sweat of other people's browses, and whatever the people wants the managers will give 'em. All the papers, and ministers, and free thinkers, and comeouters, and hard shell baptists, and shoutin methodists, and other latter day saints, come down on Manager Wheatley like a theef in the nite when he brought out the "Black Crook," as you may remember; they called him horse and other wile names, spit on his gaberdine, so to speak, and said all manner of evil things agin' him, because he brought out a lot of pretty gals and stood 'em in a state of nudeness before a admirin' audience. But William knew the people better than they let on to know theirselves. He knew that wimmins' charms was all powerful; he knew that men would sooner see a woman in undress uniform than in a lot of skirts, and shawls, and trains, and such. He said to the preachers: "Go to; thou art a dam fool," and they did go to, and said of him: "What manner of man is this that brings such sights before this moral community?" But the moral community couldn't see it through them spectacles, and lo! they did abide with William and his merry maidens for many months—yes, the Hittites and Pusyites, and Baptistites, in both hard and soft shells, did frequent the tabernacle of William, and gazed with much wim on the good things prepared for them. And lo! when years had passed, other saints did say unto him: "*Now*, give us of the legitimate! and we'll crowd thy gates and make the welkin ring." Wherefore, he did cast off the wimmin of Babylon, and gave the saints legitimate stars, and legitimate plays, and the fullness thereof as it were. But behold, the saints never come near 'em, and the sinners likewise stood aloof, and much money was sunk in the lone fool'ery. Then William, and all other managers whom tried the legitimate, did rend their hair and garments, and cried: "My lights is put out—my house is turned into darkness—what evil have I done?" So they took counsel of one another, and said, "Behold, we are deserted of men because of these things—whoso abideth longer with the legitimate will die, and shall not live," and then they turned to their first lover, killed the fatted calf, undressed the girls agin, brought them in all their physical beauty before ye abomiliques and pharisians, and lo! there was great rejoicm', and cities was illuminated in honor of the event, and managers agin found their houses crammed from pit to dome by respectable and appreciated audiences, and—(Tyler, the unprincipled foreman, says "there's other things to go in the paper besides your foolish stuff, and I shan't set up no more!" This will account for my abruptousness in concludin'—"OUR JIM."]

THE DOBSON AND LEVY EMBROGLIO.—The following cards in reference to a paragraph which recently appeared in the CLIPPER, speak for themselves. Having given each side a hearing, the discussion through these columns, must close:—

CARD.—69 Broadway, New York, November 12th, 1868.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—My attention has been called to a card in the last issue of your paper, purporting to have been written by one E. P. Hingston, under date of Oct. 22d, indited from St. James Hall, London, asking your attention to a paragraph which appeared in your paper Oct. 10th. The article in question has reference to me in a manner in which an American citizen, a man of undoubted character and conceded ability, Mr. Charles E. Dobson, was treated and received by Mr. Levy in whose interests Mr. Hingston writes in England. The note of Mr. Hingston, bearing as it does the impress and seal of Mr. Levy, can only be treated as such. How unnecessary it is for Mr Levy to flatter and extol American hospitality and the "cosmopolitan feeling" of her citizens is attested by the fortunes that have let this cosmopolitan "pet Cockney" in the hands of his enemies; Ristori is another, and Lingard still another, the latter now in our city reaping a bountiful harvest at the hands of her citizens, notwithstanding the outrageous conduct and cowardly reception that greeted Mr. Charles E. Dobson on his arrival in England, more than can and will be proved by the indisputable evidence of her people there at the time and now here—by Mr. Levy. That gentleman and his friends insist that false paragraphs in newspaper shall not be added to the evidence to be given before him in a favorable position or for the advantage of a man who cannot demand at the hands of the American people that which would amount to both an insult to the gentleman and her citizens, and which is impudence on his part to claim. That Mr. Levy will be cordially received, hospitably entertained, and his abilities carefully weighed, admired or no doubt, and should cause the blush to rise to his cheek. Mr. Levy seeks, evidently, to deny his treatment of Mr. Dobson while in England whilst performing at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in Birmingham. In order to refresh his memory we will candidly state what occurred there. Mr. Sherry Corbyn forwarded to the acting manager of the company his stock cuts of Mr. Dobson, announcing his appearance. Though the influence of Mr. Levy they were never pasted, and he was compelled to do that which Mr. Levy cannot successfully do, to wit:—appear without advertisement. When the stage manager called Mr. Dobson to play his solo, Mr. Levy insisted upon playing, and did play in his place, remarking at the time that he "would not associate himself with *Negroes* in any manner," referring thereby to the banjo—an instrument which Mr. Dobson has labored long and diligently to place in its proper rank, with success. The next insult offered by Mr Levy was to engage a number of *Ne'er-do-wells* in that and to make rude remarks and various disturbing demonstrations whilst Mr. Dobson was playing his solo; adding to these insults, Mr. Levy, accompanied by "his wife," visited the [illegible] saloon attached to the Theatre, calling him "a bloody Yankee," and applying various other epithets. On Mr. Dobson resenting these insults—surely not in keeping with English manners—Mr. Levy and "his friends" resorted to violence, and Mr. Dobson took measures to protect himself in his own defence. This matter and Mr. Levy's conduct having been fully explained to the public, Mr. Levy was the following evening positively hissed off the stage. Mr. Dobson, nothing daunted, and confident of his ability, shortly thereafter appeared at the Royal Alhambra Palace, London, *under the same management*. Here three individuals, announcing themselves as "friends" of Mr. Levy, attended the Alhambra every night, and repeated a series of insults towards Dobson, the audience generally being enthusiastic in his support. The result of this affair having previously partially appeared in your paper, further detail seems unnecessary. Mr. Dobson never complained to Mr. Levy, himself was foolish enough to run the chances of officiating in the Alhambra fracas, but will he deny that he did not retain "his friends" to commit these indignities? Mr. Dobson's American propensities and character would not suffer him to silently brook such insults, and his determination to summarily inflict punishment upon those seeking the ruin of his reputation and the cancelment of his engagement led him to leap from the stage and call the guilty parties to an account—in the ring-rein, and this, and *not the influence of Mr. Levy*, broke his engagement. The card asserts that Mr. Dobson was on terms of friendship with Mr. Levy when he left England. *The least that can be said of this is that it is a wilfully false and malicious fabrication.* The announcement of Mr. Levy's name by Mr. Seguin to appear with Mad. Parepa Rosa in a series of concerts, created very naturally quite an excitement among the friends of Mr. Dobson, in this city. It was mooted among the friends of Mr. Dobson that American citizens should stand under Mr. Levy, on his appearance, in reception similar to that offered Mr. Dobson, as being the only remedy at their hands. This coming to the notice of Mr. Dobson—smarting under the foreign insults offered him—he debated long and carefully, and finally came to the conclusion that conduct similar to that meted out to him would reflect upon himself, and be unpleasant to the distinguished artists with whom Mr. Levy had succeeded in associating himself; he therefore, requested his friends to desist and refrain from any demonstrations toward Mr. Levy, and Mr. Dobson will receive at once a full and complete public apology from Mr. Levy, admits of no doubt; and if refused, he will seek personal satisfaction. For the truth of the above statements, we refer to Mr. Sherry Corbyn, George Moore, Christy's Minstrels, St. James' Hall, London, and others.

Yours, &c., FRANK P. DOBSON.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE, LONDON, October 24th, 1868.—EDITOR OF NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Sir*—My attention has just been called to a paragraph in your paper of the 10th of this month, stating that Mr. Levy was the cause of the Dobson Brothers' engagement terminating. Allow me, as proprietor of the Alhambra Palace, to contradict this statement. Mr. Levy and Mr. Dobson being, at the time mentioned in your paper, fulfilling an engagement with me. Mr. Levy could not control the conduct of Mr. Dobson, who being hissed off the stage at Birmingham, as Mr. Dobson used to receive an *encore* every evening, and when Mr. Dobson left Birmingham he was on the best of terms with Mr. Levy. The paragraph alluded to is also stated that Mr. Levy had a rively set-to with Mr. Dobson. This is also untrue, Mr. Levy being two hundred miles away from London at the time. I am sure that you will do all in your power to rectify the mistake that has been made in your journal, and see that justice is done to Mr Levy, who has been wronged from end to last in the above named paragraph. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FRED'K STRANGE.

MISS LINA WINDEL sailed for Europe on the 11th inst., to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS continues to give performances every afternoon and evening, under its spacious pavilion, on 34th street, near Broadway, where most attractive equestrian, gymnastic and acrobatic acts are to be witnessed. In addition to Jimmy Robinson, and his pupil Clarence, who are attractive cards, Le Petite Elise, one of the smartest child riders in the business, appears in a principal act, also the Denzer Brothers, Charley Sherwood in his original act of "Pete Jenkins," and others of note. This week Charley Parker, clown and vocalist, and Charles Rivers, put in an appearance.

SIGNOR ALF. BURNETT joined issue with James Taylor, at Apollo Hall, business has steadily improved every night; in fact, the attendance has nearly doubled since Alf commenced making faces at the audience and delivering his lectures. Mr. Burnett is an attraction in himself sufficient to not only draw a crowded house but keep the auditors in the best of spirits, and then in addition to him, we have Mr. Taylor, who is one of the best comic vocalists that has ever come from England. Mr. Taylor appears each evening in five or six pleasing caricatures and songs, while Mr. Burnett gives recitations, and lectures in addition to that laughable interlude called Mr. and Mrs. Caudle, in which he is capitally supported by Miss Nash. This is announced as the last week of this combination at Apollo Hall.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS continue the same attractive bill for this week that has been presented the past week to a succession of fair houses, the leading features of which are the excellent act of Hogan and Hughes and the burlesque of "La Soumambula," so well rendered by this flock of black birds. There has been a rumor current the past week that Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour, Eugene and Unsworth intend going to London shortly to establish a first class band.

THE INJUNCTION granted Harry Palmer on the 11th inst. restraining the performance of "After Dark" at the Old Bowery Theatre, was removed on the 14th inst., and the piece is announced for production this evening at the Old Bowery.

MLLE. MARIE WILKINS recites a bit of humorous satire, called "Fashion—its Follies and Abuses," at Apollo Hall on the 18th inst.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" is in active preparation at Wallack's Theatre, and is to succeed the "Lancashire Lass."

THE WORRELL SISTERS are preparing for an early reappearance in the city at their bijou theatre.

"AFTER DARK," a dramatization of a French play, by Dion Boucicault, which has been in preparation at Niblo's Garden for several months, is announced for production at that house this evening. Among the first appearances in this country are Edith Challis, A. Fitzgerald, Louisa Moore and Sidney Vane, all of whom are announced from the London theatres. New costumes have been made by Laurey, new scenery by Minard Lewis and D. Stroug, machinery by B. Sherwood, and general appointments by Snedeker; also a new drop curtain by Marston, of "Black Crook" notoriety. The concert saloon and the railroad scenes are in the third act.

THE FRISCO MINSTRELS find their last week's programme sufficiently attractive without desiring a change; therefore, the same acts that convulsed their audiences with laughter holds the boards for the current week. "Barber Brown" promises to keep the bills as the afterpiece for some time to come, for it pleases as well as anything that could be presented.

HARRY GURR opens an engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening, giving his performances in a tank of water, such as eating, drinking and smoking while under water. When at the Theatre Comique, with the Hanlon Combination, some time since, Mr. Gurr proved quite an attraction, and, as he is the only one that makes a feature of this act and does it successfully, he will no doubt prove a good card. Frank Gibbons, Young Morrissey and Gus Williams continue in the company. Frank Kerns, who has been quite sick the past two weeks, is recovering. Business continues first rate at this house.

ALF BURNETT AND J. H. TAYLOR close in this city on the 21st and open in Baltimore, Md., on the 24th, for one week and go thence to Cincinnati at Pike's Music Hall.

JOHN P. SMITH, late agent for the Taylor Combination, takes a benefit at Apollo Hall on the 21st inst. Mr. Smith advertises for a situation to travel with a first class company as agent.

MRS. LANDER terminated her present engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 21st instant, and is followed by the Williamsons.

PAPA BATEMAN IN COURT.—The suit against Bateman, of opera bouffe notoriety, by Faustine Berthillot, formerly one of his chorus singers, for alleged assault, claiming $500 damages, came up in the Marine Court, on the 12th inst.

Beatrice Chopin, a pretty young English girl, was the first witness called for plaintiff. She testified:—My occupation is that of chorus singer in Mr. Grau's opera in Fourteenth street; was formerly with Mr. Bateman; was in his company in June last; his troupe was at that time performing in the Academy of Music, in Irving place; the plaintiff was in the same company and I knew her slightly; I had then been with Mr. Bateman eight months; we had just been on a tour for two months through the country; on the 25th of June an unpleasant occurrence took place at the opera house; it was about three o'clock in the afternoon; Mr. Bateman was there and nearly all the chorus and artists were present to be paid, it being pay day; we had to wait in the vestibule while each in turn was being paid in the box office; a few moments after Faustine Berthillot was called I heard an angry discussion inside the office, and Mr. Bateman's voice was in it; after that the door opened and she came out into the vestibule and went one side; Mr. Bateman came out directly after her; he was very angry and called somebody else in; Faustine went one side and stood on the top step of the stairs from the vestibule; a few minutes afterwards Mr. Bateman came out again; he turned to where she was in one corner, did not speak to her, but called to a man and said, "Bill, take that woman to the police station;" then they took hold of her, Mr. Bateman one side and the other man on the other side, and pushed her along; in doing so he stepped on her dress and tore it all out; she was dreadfully ill-treated; they tore her dress, and she fell on the pavement; then Mr. Bateman pushed her with his foot, as to push her up; then they dragged her up stairs again; she was very richly dressed; her silk dress and other things were torn to pieces; when she was being dragged up stairs again she said "let me go home, I am a French lady, don't treat me so;" I didn't see her after she was taken up the steps again, as I was in a fit at that time; Mr. Bateman was very angry, and was swearing more than half the time; after that occurrence I saw marks upon Faustine's breast where her corset was torn in pulling her up; her shoulder was also marked where Mr. Bateman had his hand on her; since then she has become subject to throwing up of blood; she is quite stout, and I suppose it hurt her chest.

Faustine Berthillot testified through an interpreter:—I am the plaintiff; in June last I was *chorist* for Mr. Bateman; was engaged in Paris, and arrived in America on the 13th of September, last year. (The witness then described the occurrence at the Academy of Music, corroborating in most particulars the first witness.) When she was waiting on the steps Mr. Bateman came and told her in English to go away; she didn't understand him, and didn't move; she didn't say anything herself at that time; Mr. Bateman pushed her, and made a sign to two other persons; they dragged me and pushed me very brutally; I was first touched by Mr. Bateman's hand on the back; after some discussion had they took me back to the box office, and there brutalized me again; when I was down I was taken hold of by the breast; Bateman did this; I had my clothes all torn up, my body marked, my jewels broken, my hat disfigured; by the word brutalization I mean bad treatment; I had been pulled by the arms so that I had great pains in them afterwards; I had on a silk frock and silk mantle; my gold watch was so damaged that I have never had it repaired; a portion of a gold earring was lost; they took me to the station house and made me go into a receptacle with loafers; and then, a few minutes after, made me appear before the judge.

Cross-examination—There had been a discussion between Mr Bateman and I at the box office on that day about the payment, I claiming that it was not exact; I claimed $103 and received but $102 50; I told him that he acted like a thief and rogue not to pay me that amount; his conversation was in French; fifty cents was deducted for a fine; I contracted to be governed by the rules of the theatre, but I thought they would be the same as the theatres in Europe; there were rules put up in the greenroom, but they were taken out and changed and changed again, and I don't know what they were at that time; after I called him a thief and rogue I went out and waited on the steps for friends, and when he came out again it was all over, and I was not thinking of anything; I didn't throw myself on the sidewalk; I had fallen down, I want to know why Mr. Bateman should pick me up by the breast; after they took me back into the box office, they carried me into a carriage to take me to the station house, but I made no resistance; I was very much excited. The case was then resumed on the 13th, but the defendant, Bateman, not being ready with his witnesses, a postponement was had until Monday, 16th.

THE INSPECTION OF THEATRES.—James McGregor, the Superintendent of the Department for the Survey and Inspection of Buildings, having been informed that considerable difficulty exists regarding the exit from the different theatres, formed a committee on the 11th inst. for the purpose of making an extended tour of inspection to all the places of amusement. Wood's Museum was the first place visited. The gallery, seating about 300 people, was first inspected, and it was found that there was not sufficiency of aisles, only two existing, and some of the benches are capable of containing as many as twenty-three people each, who have to find their way out by only one aisle. Another objection was the single door, as a rush to it in the exit of an alarm would cause much crowding and suffocation. Mr. McGregor is of opinion that two doors should be constructed leading to the museum, and one of iron opening on to the roof of a contiguous building that runs almost level with the floor of the gallery. A large central aisle should also be constructed to assist exit. The dress circle, holding three hundred people, has sufficient aisles, but only one outlet to the museum. In all other particulars it was well constructed. Another door was recommended which need not be kept open when the ushers are seating the house. The parquet, holding six hundred people, has three outlets. Brougham's Fifth Avenue Theatre, now in course of erection, was found to contain too many exits, and the partitions in front of the stairs impeded very materially the exit of those seated behind them. The gallery seats are placed too near the door and the winding stairs leading to it, and the dress circle is too winding and precipitous; the platform style would be preferable. The French Theatre was the next visited. The aisles throughout are commodious, and as the theatre is situated immediately on the street, the exit is so admirable that the time for the dispersion of the audience is somewhat under three minutes. During Mr. Bateman's managership its qualities as an amphitheatre were defective, but when Mr. Grau assumed control he had the galleries lowered so as to give a better grade, and now the declension is so perfect that the stage can be distinctly seen from every part of the house. The only objection found was with the want of facilities of rapid egress from the upper portion of the family circle. Mr. McGregor considered Booth's Theatre one of the best constructed places of public resort he had ever had occasion to examine with particular care. The modes of egress and ventilation he styled unsurpassed in every respect, and ventured the opinion that if the theatres and amusement halls in the city were fitted up and built after its fashion there would be little, if any apprehension of loss of life in any one of them, in case of fire or a panic from any cause whatever. In regard to Booth's Theatre Mr. McGregor, and the committee who accompanied him, were unanimous in their commendation of the excellent manner in which it was being constructed, not only as regards the strength of the walls and gallary supports, but the means of egress and ingress which were being provided. McGregor expresses his intention of enforcing to the letter the law prohibiting the placing of aisles with camp stools or chairs, and gives it as his opinion that all the theatres should have more aisles than they now have.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS opened a brief engagement at Niblo's Garden on the 9th instant, in "Queen Elizabeth," sustaining the title *role* with considerable ability. She was supported by J. McCollum as Essex, Frank Mordaunt as Lord Burleigh, and Mrs. Geo. Boniface as Lady Ann. Although Mrs. Bowers did not play on any one evening to a crowded house, she is nevertheless a true artist, and nature has done much for her. In feature, form and grace she excels; is possessed of a distinct, melodious and perfect articulation, as well as an easy and natural manner. As an actress of refinement, of evident study and possibility, but unfortunately like many other legitimate artists has seldom played a successful engagement, pecuniarly, in this city. The English Queen, as represented by Mrs. Bowers, is one of the best ever witnessed—equal in every respect to the same performance by Ristori. In the scene where she dictates two letters at once she was very fine indeed, and elicited a hearty round of applause. It afforded her an excellent opportunity to display her elocutionary powers, and we unhesitatingly pronounce her performance throughout one of the most thoroughly artistic efforts witnessed on the New York stage for a long time. Mr. McCollum was not suited to the *role* of Essex, for he did not appear to understand the character. Mr. Bangs was too melo-dramatic and stagey to be acceptable. Mordaunt's Lord Burleigh, Geo. Coleman's Davidson, and Mrs. Boniface's Lady Ann were all good. Mrs. Bowers did not appear on the 12th and 13th in consequence of a severe hoarseness, but recovered sufficiently to reappear as Elizabeth on the 14th. "Camille" was substituted for "Elizabeth" on the nights Mrs. Bowers did not appear, with Matilda Heron in the *role*, and J. C. McCollum as Armand. The attendance was quite large on both occasions. Mr. McCollum gave one of the most satisfactory renditions of Armand we have witnessed; indeed, it is the best thing we have ever seen him do.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS was remarkably well attended the past week, and most deservedly so, for one of the best circus performances was given that we have witnessed for a long time. William and Charles Conrad appeared in a triple horizontal bar act, a very difficult and risky performance, which they got through with in a satisfactory manner. James Melville appeared with his sons in one of the most pleasing posturing acts ever given in a circus. Mr. Melville also appeared in a bare back act of horsemanship carrying his little son, which was a capital act of equestrianism. Mr. Melville is riding a horse not better than he ever did. He makes a good finish to one of the best acts of horsemanship seen in a circus. Caroline Rolland did a pad act of horsemanship the past week, but not with as much satisfaction as when on the bare back. The performances of Jennette Ellsler on the tight rope have been received with all the applause which they so justly merit. This lady does not merely hop up and bob down again on the rope, like an automaton, but her every movement is regulated by the muscle, and tends to bring out some thought or to illustrate some passion or idea. Her motions are made with exquisite grace, and at the same time with so much care that the fears of the spectator are not excited.

THE SALE OF PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.—During the past two weeks there have been many doubtful statements made by our cotemporaries relating to the sale of the above Opera House, but the following facts we have obtained from head quarters, and are therefore authentic. James Fiske purchased the entire property for $800,000—an advance of $200,000 over the original cost—and not the Erie Railway Company—as has been stated. Mr. Fiske is also interested in the French Theatre. The entire building excepting the Opera House property has been leased by the Erie Railway Company for twenty years. Papa Bateman has obtained a lease of the Opera House, and will continue to exhibit his troupe of Opera Buffers, until something attractive and lucrative can be procured.

"AFTER DARK" IN COURT.—The case of Augustin Daly against the management of the Bowery Theatre, to restrain them from representing the railroad scene came up in the United States Court on November 11th, for argument. When the case was called up, the counsel for plaintiff appeared and said that they had got a similar motion to argue before his honor, against another party, and if the court be pleased, they would prefer to have them both come up on the same day. The other they would be ready to argue on the 18th instant. The "other party" alluded to by the counsel are the lessees of Niblo's Garden, who have also advertised to present the play of "After Dark," on the stage at Niblo's. The plaintiff had obtained a preliminary injunction against the lessees of the theatre, restraining them from presenting the piece until they had appeared in the Circuit Court and show cause why the injunction should not be executed, and the performance of this play was suppressed.

"ORPHEE AUX ENFERS," the latest burlesque produced by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, continues on the bills. R. M. Carroll joined the company the past week and was favorably received in his dancing. The transformation scene in the burlesque is in good working order now and elicits considerable enthusiasm each evening. The greatest wonder is how so much machinery can be worked on so small a stage. A. L. Parkes, so long with this company as business manager, severed his connection on the 11th inst., and has been engaged as business manager for the Worrell Sisters' Theatre.

BROUGHAM'S THEATRE will open about the 1st of December. Mr. Brougham expected to have opened last month, but having to overcome unforseen difficulties in the shape of rocks and water, the opening has been delayed. Among those engaged for the company are Effie Germon, Mary Carr, Fanny Prestige, Mrs. Prior, Edward Lamb, C. Ha e and Wm. Corrie Crosbie.

THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION, consisting of Tom Thumb, Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt, commence a one week's engagement at Dr. Capron's Museum, on Nov. 23d.

MR. AND MRS. WM. GOWENSALL, now in England, contemplated returning to this country this winter, but will not do so owing to the lady's illness. While at the seaside, in September, Mrs. G. incautiously went into bathe while overheated; this produced chills and fever, and afterwards inflammation of the lungs, from which she is now slowly recovering. Mr. and Mrs. G. will not, therefore, return to America before next spring.

A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME is made this evening at the Theatre Comique. A new musical Chinese extravaganza entitled "Ching Chow Hi" is produced this evening, with new scenery, chorus and costumes. Mr. Lingard, the statuette, enters upon the twenty-second week of his engagement. Charley White, the manager of this popular establishment, takes his benefit on Dec. 1st—the first in several years—when he will appear in a popular *role* for the

AT DEBAR'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, "Foul Play" was the attraction the past week, with Fanny B. Price as Helen Rolleston, Chaplin as Robert Penfold, Loomis as Arthur Wardlaw, Norman as Joe Wylie and Fanny Pierson as Nancy. Whitman's Ballet Troupe follows Miss Price on the 16th..... At the Olympic Maggie Mitchell has given "Fanchon," supported by J. W. Collier as Father Barbeaud, Mary Mitchell as Fadet, Albaugh as Landry and A. H. Davenport as Didier. On the 16th Hackett makes his appearance in "Henry IV"..... At the Varieties business has been good. The usual olio was given last week, introducing Mlle. Annetti Galetti, Mons. Cardella and James Roome, banjoist. Three ballets, "La Fille de L'air," "Tartuffe" and "Pas de Scarf," introducing the Can-Can in the latter, were given. Jennie Eagan's skipping rope dance, "The Harts Exposition" and "Black Vagaries" formed features in the olio. The "Charcoal Burner" has been the afterpiece, with Frayne as Peganet Arden; Beane, Valentine Verdhet and Sallie Mason, Barbara Jones."

MRS. F. W. LANDER opens an engagement at the Boston Theatre on the 23d inst.

LAURA KEENE and company appear in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 19th inst., at Brainard Hall.

THE COMPANY engaged for the dramatic season at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, Ill., to commence Dec. 7th, are called for rehearsal on Dec. 1st, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column.

"THE WAY OF THE WICKED" is the title of a new comedy-drama written and produced by J. Holmes Grover, with success. Mr. Grover has refused to dispose of the privilege of producing this piece unless his own services accompany the same. See advertisement.

MATILDA HERON, with a well selected dramatic company, commences a traveling tour on Nov. 23d, visiting the principal cities with "Camille" as her specialty.

LAURA KEENE'S TROUPE performed in Hamilton, Canada, on Nov. 9th and 10th. The plays produced were "Our American Cousin," and "Hunted Down." A correspondent informs us that the Hall was crowded both nights, notwithstanding the very stormy weather. This company is composed of G. C. Boniface, G. Parks, L. F. Rand, B. T. McNulty, A. L. Cook, J. Davies, W. H. Wood, Liura Keene, Jessie Rogers, Jennie Anderson, Jizzie Couran and Mrs. H. Rodgers, with George H. Tyler Business Manager, John Davies Stage Manager, and T. H. Shannon Agent. They go to London Nov. 11th and 12th, Detroit 13th and 14th, and thence east.

TYLLOWA' THEATER, San Francisco, is to all intents and purposes completed, and the opening is only delayed until the building fronting on Kearney street, from which the entrance to the theatre will be, is far enough advanced to render the street passable.

GRAU'S OPERA TROUPE, that has been traveling through the west of late, has experienced some trouble recently. A correspondent says:—"Sundry changes and divers troubles have been the lot of the once, but now defunct, Grau's German Opera. F. Widdows, as I informed you, took the management of the company, under a commonwealth plan, but a few of the knowing ones of the company thought it advisable to pay chorus and orchestra and reserve the profits to themselves. Clara Lang disagreed to this in Peoria, and, of course, we have been on the tramp without her. F. Widdows has also left the company, still the party seems to do as well as ever. Consequent on the changes made, J. H. Peabody is now treasurer and advertiser. The troupe perform on the 16th in Indianapolis, and go thence to Terre Haute, Vincennes, Evansville and Louisville, Ky.

HADLEY'S TWO MINSTREL BANDS change their base this week, the company lately engaged in Brooklyn taking possession of the establishment in Williamsburgh, while the party lately performing there go over to the Brooklyn house.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS, in Cincinnati, had a good and well deserved increase in business last week, having the minstrel field all to themselves at present. The great attraction of the week was a burlesque on Owens' favorite farce, "The Live Indian," Johnny Allen making a huge old "Injun." Manning and Emerson were also in it, and the thing took well. The other things on the programme were in part, "On the Beach at Long Branch," by Billy Emerson; Allen's "As through the Park I go" and "Active Boy;" a wench dance by Myron Lewis, and a cornet solo by Frank Bowles. Emerson's songs and dances at present are, "I ain't a going tell," and "Happy Little Darkey"..... Charley Morris' new minstrel troupe drew off a goodly number of Cincinnati artists, Rosenthal, late of the Emerson and Allen company, being the latest recruit. Besides him, it had already secured Hart, Ryman, Queen, Sweatnam and Curwen, from the Newcomb troupe—enough talent to form a good company.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are billed for Rochester, N. Y., on the 20th, 21st and 23d inst.

FISH AND THORNTON'S MINSTRELS were at Dundas, Canada, on the 13th and 14th inst., and were to go thence to Ancaster 16th, Hamilton 17th, Oakville 18th, Aurora 19th, Bradford 20th, Barrie 21st, Colinwood 22d, and New Market 23d.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS commenced their winter season in Chicago at the hall lately occupied by Arlington's Minstrels on the 12th inst. The company, as at present organized, consists of Sim Sharpley, Ben Cotton, Charles Church, George Gray, Alfred Moe, Harry Stanwood, Masters Willie and Charlie, Frank Kritz, J. Tannenbaum, Jos. Norrie, W. H. Chambers and J. Reilley. In addition to the usual first part and olio, they opened with the burlesque of "Under the Gaslight."

FRED WILSON'S MINSTRELS are reported to be doing a good business in St. Louis and to be giving a first class show. A correspondent says:—"In the olio, Fred Wilson has appeared as 'Anna Maria Jane,' a song and dance, 'Colton Laughing Gas' and 'Scenes at the Southern Hotel.' The afterpiece was the 'Persecuted Dutchman,' with Bray as Jno. Schmidt; Kemble, Capt. Blowhard, and Fred Wilson, Miss Blowhard. On the 16th, Joe Mairs makes his first appearance at Wilson's."

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS appear in Taunton, Mass., on the 23d inst.

MINSTRELS TAKING TROY BY STORM.—The following troupes of wandering corkonians will appear in rapid succession in Troy:—La Rue's Minstrels on the 17th, for two nights; Jan. 1st, Dupres and Benedict's, then Cool Burgess', Newcombs', Arlington's, Haverly's and last, though not least, Buckley's.

DAN SHELBY'S MINSTRELS appear in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, on the 16th and 17th; Fairfield, 18th; Ottawa, 19th and 20th; Oskaloosa, 21st and 23d, Pella, 24th, and Des Moines, 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th.

Music Halls.

AT THE OLYMPIC, New Orleans, Fred Shaw, comic vocalist; Jonny Prandergast and Signorita Lopez and children, the latest arrivals, are well received by good houses. Billy Diamond, Mlle Garcia, Henriette, Nell Whitney, Emma Lloyd and Chas. Gardner continue to please, as well as Joe Mairs and Leon DeBerger.

MISS NELLIE EDWARDS made her appearance at the Metropolitan, Washington, D. C., on the 9th inst., where and when she met with a warm welcome back, she having been making a summer tour with the European Circus. As a contortion Nellie is quite a popular card, and her song of "Where there's a Will there's a Way" brings down the house.

ANNIE GIBBONS, cloggist, but who of late has been in the pedestrian business under the name of Mme. Moore, arrived in Rochester, N. Y., on the 7 h inst. and visited the theatre. After the close of the theatrical entertainment she visited a gambling hell in St. Paul st., and was there taken into custody. On the 9th, in court, she said that she had been six months engaged in the walking business, and described herself as Mrs. Anna Fitzgibbon, as a native of England, aged 22 years. She wore blue pantaloons and waistcoat, check shirt, sack coat, jockey hat, and her neck was tastily dressed with a stand up paper collar and fashionable necktie. Her hair was cut short and combed behind her ears. She says that she can beat Weston walking and that she has made money in some places and lost in others. Her home is in New York city. The justice committed her to the penitentiary.

MAGGIE WILLET and Mlle. Elise had a joint benefit on Oct. 29th, at the Theatre Comique, Leavenworth, Kansas, which was well attended. On Nov. 5th, Tummy Queen, song and dance performer, had a benefit. The company have of late been playing farces.

THE VARIETIES, Leavenworth, Kansas, has changed management, Messrs. Shelby and Clifford being now at the helm. The company have lately appeared in "Dick Turpin," "Poacher's Doom," "Micha-l Earle" and several other melo-dramas. During the past week O. B. Bruce, the comedian, appeared. Tim Hayes and Sam Ostrander do the negro business.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent, "Guy," writing under date of Nov. 9th, "has done a fair business considering the excitement attending election. On the 2d Lillie Beckett re-appeared after a week's absence and was enthusiastically encored. On the 5th Fannie Williams made her bow in the 'Æriel.' She is a finished and accomplished *danseuse*. On the 7th Johnny Redden took a farewell benefit, and was greeted by a full house On the 9th Geo. Caulfield and Johnny Weaver, late clown with Maginley and Carroll's Circus, which concern brought a season to a close rather abruptly at Wallahaw, S. C., on the 21st ult., put in an appearance. Johnny Keegan continues a great favorite. Miss Lotta Starr is very pleasing in her ballads and dances..... Johnny Redden and the following company left this city on the 8th to open the Office Varieties at Montgomery, Ala., under the management of Mr. Wallace—Mlle. Maddox, Billy Dimond, Master Willy Hamilton, Miss Nellie Whitney, Mrs. Lizzie Davis, Mlles Maggie and Maud."

THE EXCHANGE, Indianapolis, Ind., closed on the 7th inst., in consequence of poor business. Bowman and the late managers were up for a benefit on the 14th inst., at the Opera Hall. Rose Lee, Mary Russell, Mlle. Leoline, Mlle. Jeresena, Chas. Christy, Sol. Yowell, Jr., John Lyons, Felkins, Croly, Keegan and George C. Thompson, the bone soloist, were announced to appear.

E. D. GOODSOE is stage manager at the Court Street Varieties, Indianapolis, while Harry Blood and Johnny Morton are on the ends. Kate Atwood, Kate Castello, Nelly Dorsey, Rosa Lee, Mary Russell, Jane Lovett, Leotta, Minnie and Maggie Clark, late of the Exchange, commenced engagements with Managers Sam. E. Dinnis and Mart Hare on Nov. 9th.

M. TALBOTT opened at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on the 9th inst., on the tamborine end. Chrissie Worrell also appeared on the same night. Kate Chase was to re-appear on the 16th.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Norfolk, Va., Hen. Mason, Jas. Williams, Geo. Morton, Carrie Carson, descended and Willie Smith, song and dance, have proved themselves favorites with the audiences. The Florence Sisters, Sonora Rosse and Miss Sullivan are retained in the company. Johnny Rosse having vacated the position of acting manager, Hen. Mason now occupies the position.

LOUISA AND IDA WRAY conclude a successful engagement at the Varieties, Norfolk, the present week and go next to Pittsburgh.

WM. ALLEN and Robert Butler are to have a joint benefit at Theatre Comique, Seventh below Arch, on Thursday evening, Nov. 19th, when a varied bill of attraction will be offered.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, late Hooley's Opera House, Seventh below Arch, Philadelphia, opened for the season on Saturday evening, Nov. 14th, under the management of Mr. J. C. Gregory. There was a large attendance, and the entertainment proved to be a very good one. Among the performers are Mlle. Augusta, dansease; Mlle. Leontine, Mlle. Gertrude's troupe of dogs and miniature circus, Miss Annie Braddon, Bessie Gregory, Barry Carter, etc. Admittance, 25, 50, and 75 cents.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Washington, large audiences nightly congregate, and appear to be pleased with the attractive entertainment offered. The stage manager, George L. Hall, marshals his forces with ability and has proved a valuable assistant to the management. Mr. Hall occupies the middle in the first part, minstrel scene, and is a good interlocutor. Several new additions have recently been made to the company and all have met with a hearty reception. Thirteen of the troupe appear in the first part, with Johnny Harris on the bone end and Morrissey Little opposite. Mr. Hall, Viola Clifton, Nellie Edwards and Kate Clare form the quartet. On the 13th, Mr. Hall sang "There is no such Girl as Mine;" Johnny Harris, "Gipsy Davey;" Morrissey Little, "The Flying Trapeze;" Viola Clifton, "Evangeline," and Kate Clare, "Take me Home." The *finale*, "Don't you hear the Bulgine," was rendered in an excellent manner and a repetition was demanded. The jokes and gags that were gotten off by the end men were just as ancient as they possibly could be—this part of the programme needs reforming. Jennie De Mars sang an aria from "Martha" superbly and was warmly applauded. The latter also sang, in a very able manner, several other selections, but they were old and not at all relished. Miss De Mars is an accomplished singer; she possesses an attractive face and figure, and might become a favorite by singing selections from popular modern composers. Marie Zoel continues in favor. Miss Zoel is equally at home in song, dance and farce, and besides is a good clog dancer. Miss Nellie Edwards, a favorite with the patrons of the hall, sang "Where there's a Will there's a Way," and was heartily applauded; Frank Bell danced the "Essence" in a clever way and also appeared in a clog medley. Ella Sheldon, Kate Fenton, Sophie Walton and Julia Robinson continue as members of the company. So writes our correspondent, "Novice."

FROM THE ENERGY and enterprise exhibited by the management of the Varieties Theatre, Baltimore, (formerly the Opera House) it is evident they are determined not to be outdone. New features and attractions are constantly presented. Annie Hindle made her appearance last week and by her portraitures of men and manners—instantaneous change—new and characteristics songs, has made herself exceedingly popular. She possesses a fine wardrobe and is a desirable feature for any first class entertainment. Nellie Howard is a capital jig dancer and has become quite a favorite. The Clarke Brothers, double song and dance men, are great professionally and physically, while Harry Hart is irrepressible in his negro acts. Den Howe does a good trapese act and excites the astonishment and admiration of his audience. Tommy McIntyre and Julian Keen are good in their specialties, while the whole performance is good. The Can Can, under the direction of Mons. Alex. Boldy, will be produced this week, when Rosanti, Adele and other prominent artistes will appear.

MLLE. FEMURE, *danseuse*, advertises for an engagement.

THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Baltimore, is doing a good and profitable business. Among the new attractions we notice Kitty Lee and Millie Coleman. Fred. Buckingham, comic vocalist, and his sons Edgar and Earnest, are great favorites. Berkely, Perkins and Thatcher are a good Ethiopian trio.

THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Baltimore, is reported to be doing a good business. Lady artists are wanted. See advertisement elsewhere

"THE OCTOROON" was the feature at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., the past week. N. B. Shimer is a late addition to the company.

THE ZANFRETTA AND SIEGRIST FAMILY continue at the Olympic, Detroit, Mich E. A. Locke appeared on the 9th.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Manager Richards has made a hit by securing Harry Robinson, who plays a solo upon fifteen instruments; also personating eight different characters, with a song each, and his act of riding a mechanical donkey brought rounds of applause. Mr. R. is a good card. Willis, Murphy, Griffin and Smith are the corkers. Of the females, no new additions have been made of late.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, Mlle. Turnour made her *debut* on the 9th, and surprised all who witnessed her performances on the swinging bar. The feeling of relief or seeing her descend to the stage finds vent in prolonged applause and floral tributes. A correspondent says—"Our theatre goers were most agreeably surprised when Mlle. Turnour first appeared before the footlights, for, instead of seeing a woman rather masculine than otherwise, they were greeted by a little girl, scarce fifteen years old, who went through her performances upon the swinging bar, suspended over forty feet above the heads of the audience in the parquet, with the grace and daring of the oldest professionals of the male persuasion; in fact her performance outrivaled anything seen in that line in this city for years. The other novelties at the Academy are Malvina Evers, *danseuse*, who on the 11th appeared in a sailor's hornpipe; following was Dick Ralph and his elongated shoes, then the ballad—'There is a Path by the River,' by Jennie Engel, followed by Sam Collyer and his pupils, in their wooden shoe exercises; Billy Pastor, with his musical budget; Dave Hawley on the horizontal bar, Charley Pettingill in his song and dance, and the *ballet*, arranged by Mons. Szolisy, entitled the 'Mexican in Cadiz.'"

AT ROWBOTHAM'S CONCERT HALL, Newark, N. J., Frank Lum, vocalist and comedian, is one of the attractions.

Circuses.

EQUESTRIANS AND GYMNASTS are wanted by Mr. Wm. E. Sinn & Co., whose advertisement see elsewhere.

YANKEE ROBINSON, in a card in our advertising columns, thanks the members of his company who volunteered on the occasion of his benefit at Dayton, Ohio, at the close of the season. The citizens of Dayton are also remembered. He wishes it known that the success of the establishment is due to the co-operation of the company, several of whom he makes particular mention of.

LAKE'S CIRCUS will be in Columbus, Miss., on the 19th and 20th inst. This concern having reorganized for the winter season, consists of Sam Rinehart, the Millson Brothers, Eugene Leach, Chas. Seaman, Hi Marks, Gus. Shaw, M. Lands, Joe Davison, Master Willie, Little Emma and La Petite Minnie. A correspondent says:—"Sam Rinehart, at Cornith, Tenn., cleared sixteen horses with ease. He also accomplished the turning of a double somersault over five horses (?) Although he has been out of the ring for about three months, he has lost none of his leaping qualities. Gus Shaw and Marks are still doing funny business, and as clowns please the audience. They are doing 'Macpps,' with Mad. Agnes in the title role. They will be in Montgomery, Ala., on or about the 20th of Dec."

FIRE!—On Saturday evening, Nov. 14th, a fire broke out in the saw and planing mill at Ridge avenue and Twenty-first, st., Philadelphia, and before the flames could be subdued, a large structure adjoining on the north also caught fire. This was occupied by the Forepaugh concern as winter quarters for their horses and animals, and which had been but a few weeks since taken possession of for this purpose. In the yard were quartered the cages containing lions, leopards, tigers, bears and monkeys. These were saved, the cages being run out before the fire reached them. The scene during the hauling out of the cages was terrific, as the animals, frightened at the flames, were darting backward and forward in their cages, uttering fearful cries. In the excitement some of the dens were overturned, and in two instances the bars were so displaced that two leopards and a lion made their appearance on the street. One of the leopards took shelter in a neighboring stable, where he was soon secured, and the other ran along Ridge avenue, to twenty-third street, and then passed in an open doorway of a dwelling, through the entry, into the yard, where he was captured. On this way through the hall he passed several members of the family, and their condition can be better imagined than described. The lion, in his frantic efforts to release himself, succeeded in removing a bar, but as he jumped from the cage, a daring fellow threw a packing box over him, and he was housed until after the fire was extinguished, when he was placed in safe quarters. Thousands of people were on the grounds, and rumors were numerous. One minute you heard that a lion had escaped, in another two lions, in another a tiger was added, and in another the entire stock of animals had escaped and were prowling around. The consternation was very great, but nobody was hurt. Had the animals been very wild there would have been several casualties to announce.

HORSE TRAPPINGS, of a glittering kind, and other circus appointments, are advertised for sale by Madame Macarte.

JOHN C. RIVERS, clown and comic singer, with his performing dogs, advertises for an engagement.

FOR ALBISU AND BUISLAY'S CIRCUS, Havana, Cuba, a number of equestrians, minstrels and variety performers are wanted. See advertisement.

AMES' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is doing finely at Tivoli Circle, New Orleans, where they remain for several weeks, then remove down town for a short period. Johnny Lawton, the Misco Brothers and Lucy Watson are in the company.

W. H. NAYLOR can be engaged for the winter season, as will be seen by a card elsewhere. He furnishes his own horse for his bare back hurdle act.

CHARLES ADAMS, English clown and *ballet* master, can be engaged as per advertisement elsewhere.

Miscellaneous.

THE SPALDING BELL RINGERS performed in Glenn's Falls, N. Y., on the 14th inst., and were to remain two nights and go thence to Balston Spa 17th, and Schenectady 18th.

HAMILTON'S PANORAMA of Canadian Scenery exhibited at Barrie, Canada, Nov. 6th.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS were at Music Hall, Toronto, Nov. 3d, 4th and 5th. The reputation which precedes them, says a correspondent, fills their houses to overflowing.

THE FUSI YAMA JAPS opened in St. John, N. B., on the 7th, for five nights, and commenced in Halifax on the 10th for five nights. They were to go thence to Portland, Me., Bangor, Quebec and Montreal.

THE PEAK FAMILY were at Milford, N. H., on the 13th, Wilton 14th, and were to go to New Ipswich 16th, Peterborough 17th, Keene 18th and Battleboro, Vt., 19th.

W. H. POPE, assisted by the Proudfoot sisters, gave a performance in Newark, N. J., on the 16th, and is billed for Newburg, N. Y., 16th, Poughkeepsie 17th, Hudson 18th and Albany 19th.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY—Tribe of John—sang in St. Paul, Minn., on the 12th inst.

THE LEWIS BROTHERS, slight of hand performers, are giving entertainments up the Minnesota river, in the interior of the State.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA is billed ahead as follows:—Athol, Mass., 17th, Orange 18th, Royiston 19th, Winchendon 20th, South Gardener 23d, Hubbardston 24th and Ware 26th.

SIDE SHOWMEN and others in want of animals, cages, ponies, and a number of other curiosities and properties cheap, will do well to refer to "Yankee" Robinson's advertisements in our columns.

BALLET GIRLS' attention is hereby called to Dick Edwards' advertisement in another column.

J. C. VALENTINE—better known as the "Little Fakir"—has closed the Blitz Show, which h has had on the road two years, at Ypsilanti, Mich., and has given up the business for good, having gone into the mercantile business in Chicago.

GODOS has a new lecture entitled "Circumstances." He intends to deliver it in Philadelphia in December, if circumstances will permit.

A. M. HERNANDES, having organized a pantomime troupe to travel through the west, was to open in Aurora, Ind., on the 16th inst.

MCGILL AND SHAFFER'S OLIO COMPANY, with Martini Chirishi as the principal card, are traveling through the Provinces.

MARTINO, under the management of Harry Weston, who opened in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 4th inst., continued up to the 14th to do a good business. He was to open in Lafayette, Ind., on the 16th, for six nights.

THE HANLON BROTHERS are billed for the 16th, 17th and 18th in Cleveland, Ohio.

WYMAN, the magician, opens at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va., on the 26th inst.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS continue to attract good houses at Glens Falls, &c. Their entertainment is said to be of the highest order, and every one goes home delighted. Georgie Dean Spaulding, the celebrated harpist, is a card, and creates quite a furore wherever she appears.

MACKVOY'S HIBERNICON having closed a brilliant stay of ten weeks in this city, opens in Brooklyn on the 19th inst., for six nights.

ARTEMUS WARD'S WILL.—Considerable dissatisfaction still prevails in England about the manner in which Artemus Ward's will has been administered. Commenting on the statement of the *Baltimore Commercial* that his will was the best joke poor Artemus uttered, an English journal affirms that it was not at all a joke, that Ward had made largely by his lectures and writings in England; that he had lived frugally, and that there is no reason for believing that after his funeral expenses were paid there were no assets left to his estate. In calls for an explanation of the whole matter from his executors, and there are many on this side of the Atlantic who are interested in having this explanation as full and satisfactory as possible.

"PARLOR TABLEAUX, OR ANIMATED PICTURES," is the title of a small book published by O. A. Roorbach and well adapted for families, schools and public exhibitions. It is well gotten up, with full explanations, so that anyone can produce the tableaux at short notice and with very little trouble. "Shadow Pantomime" is another cheap book, giving instructions how to produce this laughable effect.

MR. AND MRS. BRENNAN, late of the Taylor Combination, open at the Theatre Comique, Boston, on the 16th instant, for twelve nights, and go thence with the Hanlon Combination for a traveling tour of three months. Managers wishing to secure these excellent artists will find their address elsewhere.

AN E FLAT HORN PLAYER and an E Flat clarionet are wanted. For address, see advertisement.

JOHN BOGAN, who advertises in another column, continues to teach jig and clog dancing; also how to play the "ole banjo."

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is to appear in concert at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the evenings of Nov. 26th and 27th, and at a *matinee* the same week.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX is offered for sale in an advertisement in another column.

HENRY NICHOLLS, of London, Eng., gave readings in Hamilton, Nov. 12th and 13th to large audiences, from Dickens and others.

KENNEDY, the Scottish vocalist, gives two entertainments in Hamilton, Canada, Nov. 16th and 18th.

PROF. T. M. BROWN will give a concert at Penn Yan, N. Y., on Nov. 24th, upon which occasion the various merchants give away $600 worth of goods as an advertisement. Tickets are issued, each entitling admittance to concert and good for a gift, ranging from gold watches to candlesticks.

HARTS has been holding forth the past week at Philharmonic Hall, St. Louis.

THE WARREN gave her lecture, called "The Seven Devils of Society," in St. Louis, Mo., on the 11th inst.

OLIVE LOGAN delivered her lecture entitled "Stage Struck," in Troy, N. Y., on the 11th inst.

OLE BULL appeared in Detroit, Mich., on the 11th.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS, who has been giving readings in Boston the past week, continues there this week.

SIG. BLITZ has been doing a good business the past week at the Opera House, Newark, N. J.

THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION showed in Newark, N. J., on the 13th and 14th. The hall was crammed on each occasion.

WM. R. MCCABE, late drum major of the 16 h Michigan Infanty, at present living in Detroit, challenges Thomas Helrigel, of Dayton, Ohio, to play a match for the championship and $50 a side within six weeks. Helrigel not accepting, the same holds good for Robert Hendershot.

A MELODEON PLAYER, one who can sing ballads, is wanted by W. B. Harrison, who advertises in another column.

AL. HOWARD, ice and roller skater, can be engaged. See his card elsewhere.

THE UNION HARMONIC SOCIETY, of Morrisania, N. Y., intend giving a grand concert there on the 24th inst., under the conductorship of Prof. Geo. F. Bristow, at which they are to perform Handel's oratorio entitled "Acis and Galatea," with Miss Maria Brainard as Gal tea, James A. Johnson as Acis, Mr. Tughabus as Damon and their President, Nash, as Polyphene, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Bassford, Mrs. Morris and Messrs. Wilsey and Petit. Mr. S. P. Warren, the organist of Grace Church, this city, will act in that capacity on the occasion. Such a combination of musical talent ought to draw a house full.

A CALCIUM LIGHT, in complete order, is advertised in another column for sale.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHERIAN ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed the farce of "Our Nan" and the burlesque of "Bombastes Furioso" cast as follows:—Bombastes, Mr. Brooks; King, Mr. Fenno; Fusbus, Mr. Fuselman; Distaffina, Miss Baker. The benefit of the Association is announced for the 20th inst .... The "Wheatley" intend playing at Franford, Pa., on the 21st inst. Mr. Hulfish, the comedian of the "Wheatley," is said to be a great favorite there..... A few years ago Mr. Wm. Wheatley made a handsome donation to the association named after him, and this enabled them to move into more spacious quarters. The "Boothenian" is the oldest organization in that city. Many a performance has the elder Booth, after whom it is named, witnessed in the hall.

THE GRADUATES of the Portland (Me.) High School, on Thursday last, gave the burlesque operetta of "Pepita" in fine style at Brunswick, for the benefit of the Congregational society at Topsham. The total receipts were $305.

THE HOLYOKE (MASS.) DRAMATIC CLUB gave their first entertainment Nov. 12th to a full house. "Michael Earle" and "The Pirate's Legacy" were rendered and received with satisfaction.

THE AMATEURS of Buffalo, N. Y., gave a performance of "The Rent Day" and "Nan" at St. James' Hall, in that city, on the 10th inst., for the benefit of the Young Men's Catholic Association. F. Wheeler recited "Shamus O'Brien."

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, played the "Merchant of Venice" on the 11th inst., in a style, says a correspondent, far surpassing any previous performance that I have ever witnessed in an amateur hall, and indeed will compare favorably with many given upon the regular stage..... It is rumored that the Dramatic Union and "Shakespeare" Associations of this city intend joining forces and renting a larger hall.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—With but few exceptions, very few changes have been made in the programme presented at the east and west side theatres sinces our last. At Drury Lane, "The Fortunes of Nigel" holds its place, and is growing more popular with each performance. A farce entitled "A Model Uncle," by G. L. M. Strauss, has been produced with success ....."Blow for Blow," having been provided with a new termination, continues at the Holborn. In place of the attempted murder of John Drummond, with which the piece formerly concluded, there is now a natural and dramatic termination, and a tag of a moral and "pretty" description. The alteration is said to be a decided advantage to the drama, which, as it now stands, may challenge competition with any play at present upon the stage or, indeed, with any piece of the description that has recently been produced. It is thoroughly amusing, and has more artistic construction and more concentrated interest than are often encountered..... At the Amphitheatre, Herr Carre's stud of horses, consisting of fifty animals, pronounced as among the most thoroughly trained horses yet seen in England, are the features. Herr Loyal is the clown....."The Scamps of London" has been produced at the Grecian, in which the railroad scene is introduced; also, a music hall scene..... Minnie Hauck made her bow on October 17th, at the Italian Opera as Amina in "La Somnambula," which was repeated on the 20th. The *Times* says:—"This lady had to contend with our climate at its worst, and with our pitch, a thing almost as bad. These told against her, but bearing all in mind, we have no hesitation in pronouncing Miss Hauck's *debut* a success, especially in the promise it held out of future excellence. The young lady has a voice of pure quality, evenly good through all registers. Her management of it shows careful training, particularly as regards the *messa voce*; she phrases well, and in the matter of *agilato*, the excellence now reached (Miss Hauck is but seventeen), is an earnest of what will assuredly be attained in the end. On the stage Miss Hauck has a good presence, entire self possession, and a delicate sense of artistic propriety, which marks her as naturally fitted for the career she has chosen. On Oct. 27th Mlle Titiens appeared in "Il Trovatore."..... Miss Hazlewood has appeared at Sadler's Wells as Ruth O'Connor, in the "Colleen Bawn."

.....Miss Hughes is engaged by Mr Sefton Parry to appear at the New Globe Theatre, which expected to open on Nov. 21st, with a new comedy by H. J. Byron..... Mark Lemon's Falstaff readings having attained a success beyond that which was originally anticipated. They are to be continued at St. George's Hall, Langham place..... At the Pavilion a new one act drama written for Emily Levettex, entitled "Fannette; or, Up in the Dark," was produced on Oct. 24th..... No change whatever has taken place at the Olympic, Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', Surrey, or Alexandra Theatres..... "Madge Wildfire," and the burlesque of "The Cockney Caliph" have been nightly given at the New Standard..... "The Old Toll House" follows "The Scamps of London" at the Victoria..... "Monte Cristo," in its condensed and amended form, runs at the Adelphi..... "After Dark" holds its place at the Princess'..... "The Rightful Heir" at the Lyceum, "The Lancashire Lass" at the Queen's, and "Pindee Singh" at the Royal Alfred..... Kate Bateman having been very successful at the Haymarket with her performance of "Leah," continues its representation..... The burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" reached its 182d performance at the Strand Theatre on Nov. 7th..... Mrs. Macready, announced as an American actress, is at the Standard Theatre.

MLLE. ALBINA DI RHONA, a performer of legerdemain, was recently giving at Brussels a series of performances, comprising the well known trick of receiving, uninjured, the supposed contents of an apparently loaded pistol. One evening, when the weapon, after having been handed round for the inspection of the public, was returned into her hands, she inserted her magic wand into the barrel, and felt it come in contact with an unexpected obstacle. She retired, and afterwards appeared in a state of violent agitation. It subsequently transpired that some scoundrel among the spectators had shipped into the barrel a screw of about an inch in length, which, if it had not been discovered, would have killed or seriously wounded the fair enchantress.

DRAMATIC ARTISTS in Europe occasionally desert the stage for the seclusion of the convent. Last year two were added to the list. Mlle. Mouravieff, the Russian dancer, of the Grand Opera, became a Carmelite nun, and the outer world hears no more of her. After her, Mlle. Thuillier, the pretty and clever actress of the Odeon, overwhelmed by a tender domestic affliction, withdrew from the stage, preparatory to entering the Carmelite convent at Blois. But the young lady has changed her mind, and has returned to the stage.

ARNAL has returned to the Vaudeville, Paris, making his reappearance in "Les Femmes d'Emprunt" of Mm. Varin and Desvergers. A new one act comedy by MM. Eugene Hugot and De Brugger, "Les Affaires avant Tout," has been produced at this house.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has been reading at the St. George's Hall, Liverpool, selections from "David Copperfield," "Chops," the "Dwarf," etc.

"THERESE HUMBERT," a three act comedy, by M. Durantin, produced at the Gymnase, Paris, recalls the "Heloise Paranquet" of the same author, both pieces dealing with the peculiar difficulties which, in France, attend the marriage of a minor Therese, the daughter of a Prussian doctor, marries the young Count of Collinance.

BARRY SULLIVAN, while playing Don Cæsar at the Liverpool Amphitheatre, on Oct. 27th, met with an accident that terminated his engagement very abruptly. It occurred in the closing scene, where Don Cæsar enters the apartment in time to save Maritana from the unwelcome attentions of the King. The latter tells Maritana that her husband is dead, when Don Cæsar enters abruptly, exclaiming, as he does so, "Not yet, sire." While Mr. Sullivan was so entering, his right foot went down a stage slip which careless scene-shifters had left open, and was badly sprained.

MRS. RICHARDSON (late Annie Meriton), of the Glasgow theatres, died Oct. 21st, aged thirty years.

WYBERT REEVE accompanies Kate Saville in a provincial tour during the winter.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Madrid, is now open.

MAD. CELESTE opened in Cheltenham, Eng., on Nov. 2d.

KATE E IGNOLDS was in Exeter, Eng., the week ending Oct. 31st. She appeared in the "Sea of Ice."

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, the Italian composer, died, as we are informed by cable dispatch, in Paris, on the 14th inst. He was born February 29, 1792, at Pessaro, Italy. His parents were exceedingly humble, being poor strolling players. From an early age the future composer gave evidence of the great talents which afterwards rendered his name one of the most famous in the musical world. At the age of fourteen he joined a strolling company as the head of the chorus. This was in the season of 1807, and Rossini was about being made the first tenor when his voice broke from the falsetto of his youth into a more manly tone, utterly ruining him so far as opera singing was concerned. He was next made leader of the orchestra, but his inexperience and want of firmness obliged him to abandon this, and he sank to the very humble level of a French horn blower. This occupation he soon wearied of, and pitching his horn away he resolved to become a composer. In his eighteenth year he composed his first work, "Cambiale di Matrimonio," which was quite successful. In 1817 he produced "Inganno Felice," and the following year "Tancredi." These were followed by "Ciro in Babilonia," "La Pietra del Paragone," "L' Occasione fa il Ladro," "Il Figlio per Azzardo," "La Scala di Seta," "Eriasbetta," "Regina d'Inghelterra," "Otello," "Armida," "Mose in Egitto," "Ricciardo e Zorayda," "Zelmira," "Maometto Secondo," "La Donna del Lago," "Torvaldo e Dorliska," "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," "La Cenerentola," "La Gazza Ladra," "Ermione," "Edoardo e Cristina," "Bianca e Falliero," "Matilda e Corradino," "Semiramide," "Il Viaggio a Rheims," and "Guillaume Tell."

HOW TO DESCRIBE A DOG.—A farmer living near Macroom, in Ireland, wishing to have a dog registered, sent the following description of the valuable animal to the clerk of the petty sessions for the Macroom district:—"He has a black back and sides, with black hind thighs down very near to the paws, the breast white all along up to the mouth, white nose, white belly, a black head, but a little of the nose and a white stripe from the nose to the middle of the forehead curved with stripe about the neck and the tips of his tail white, a pretty tall dog."

CHICAGO DIVINES ON THE SENSATIONAL DRAMA.

At a recent meeting of the Chicago Ministerial Union, the following preamble and resolutions were presented:—

Whereas, The continued existence of a republican form of government depends upon the prevalence of a high degree of morality among the people; and,

Whereas, Theatrical exhibitions have, in every age, proved powerfully inimical to the virtue of both actors and spectators; and,

Whereas, The spectacles now become common in theatres and opera houses have reached a pitch of degradation, both in their visible indecencies and theoretic immoralities, unprecedented in our own country, and hardly equalled in any other, and are making fearful inroads on female delicacy and youthful purity and public morality; therefore,

Resolved, That this Ministerial Union respectfully invite the attention of the pulpit generally to this fearful and growing evil, and solicit the forthputting of all its influence to shield religion and morals from its ruinous influence.

Resolved, That we beg our Legislature to interpose some effective check to growing indecencies and immoralities of stage exhibitions, which are making constant and fearful assault upon the very foundations of our political system.

Resolved, That we beg our secular press, that which so vast an influence over the public mind, to characterise these spectacles as they deserve, and to discourage attendance upon them.

The first two resolutions were adopted after a brief debate. The third was then taken up. Dr. Van Dorn said the secular press had become a necessity in every civilized community, so much so that if any one desired to know what was transpiring he must buy a newspaper. If he should try to gather the news, he could not tell as much as the papers do. It has become a kind of domestic as well as a public necessity. It took up everything but family affairs, and discussed all questions, and w

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—to be inserted in our NEW Departments—such as its extracts from other papers, &c., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than THREE TIMES.
IN OUR READING OR EDITORIAL Columns nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve the same, for a free and independent expression of our own opinion.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DISCOUNT from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months or longer *in advance*.
ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to secure their appearance in that week's issue.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned. FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 27 Spruce street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

KATE FISHER,
THE DASHING AND PEERLESS ACTRESS,
is prepared to treat with
MANAGERS OF FIRST CLASS THEATRES ONLY,
for six or twelve nights' engagements, for the production of the
GREAT MENKEN DRAMAS,
THE CHILD OF THE SUN and
THE PIRATE'S OF THE SAVANNE,
together with a host of other pieces, including the
THREE FAST MEN,
the exclusive right of performing which she has obtained, and any parties found performing it, without her consent from this date, will be dealt with according to the law. All business communications to be addressed to COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
33-tf Clipper Office.

MISS C. MEYER desires to negotiate with managers of first class theatres for second Chamber-maids or responsible business. Has a good wardrobe. Address care of 2 SALEM STREET, Portland, Maine. 33-3t*

MISS BELLE MONTROSE
desires an engagement as
WALKING LADY AND SINGING, with a responsible manager. "Miss Montrose possesses talent of the highest order."—Fort Wayne Democrat. "Miss Belle Montrose is a charming, piquant and versatile actress and vocalist."—Lock Haven Democrat.
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